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The Time to Say No

By attempting to smear the Government for its alleged failure to prevent the sale of strategic materials to China via Hong Kong, the Opposition has imported a nasty whiff of MacArthurism into our political climate. Partly, no doubt, this agitation is due to the fact that we have just suffered our first heavy casualties in the Korean fighting; partly it springs from the irresponsibility with which Mr. Churchill snatches any stick to beat the Government. But whatever Mr. Churchill and the wild men behind him may say, Mr. Eden and Mr. Butler know perfectly well that the Chiefs of Staff and the Foreign Office are unanimous in opposing any surrender to American demands which could spread the Korean war. It is reasonable to place an embargo on the export to China of military equipment and war materials which could be used in Korea. But the Government had done this *before* General MacArthur began his inaccurate attacks on British policy and Mr. Churchill repeated them in the Commons. If the Additional Measures Committee of the United Nations now passes its expected resolution, the only practical effect will be that other countries, including Japan, will have to follow an example already set by Britain.

The real danger is that in a few weeks' time a dramatic disclosure that the embargo has largely failed will stimulate a demand in America for a naval blockade. We have only to remember how Israel succeeded in building up its armed strength, despite the embargo imposed during the Palestine war, to realise that similar measures against China are certain to prove even less effective. The Chinese merchants, who largely control the trade of almost every country in South-east Asia, will easily make nonsense of restrictions imposed on trade with the mainland. Even the most stringent controls in Hong Kong—the entrepôt centre for the whole area—cannot prevent large-scale smuggling. Unless the British Government makes this clear from the start, it may very well be pressured during the Summer into consenting to a full-scale blockade.

To impose such a blockade would be as dangerous as to bomb Manchuria. Its immediate result would be an internal crisis in Hong Kong, which is dependent not only for its food but for its water supplies on Communist China. The enormous Chinese population will not quietly starve and die in order to appease a deliberately misinformed American public opinion. Mao Tse-tung would probably not require to stage a military operation in order to capture Hong Kong, once a blockade had been imposed. Internal revolution, which the British garrison could not suppress, would deliver it into his hands. This in itself is a sufficient reason why *any* British Government would have to veto a proposal at Lake Success to turn the arms embargo into a blockade.

But the objections extend far beyond the issue of Hong Kong. The attempt to patrol the whole huge coastline, and to cut off such countries as Indonesia, Siam and Malaya from all trade with China, would be politically, morally and economically disastrous. Consider the repercussions of trying to control the trade of India and Pakistan! The only result would be further to enrage Asiatic opinion and finally to integrate the economy of China with the U.S.S.R. Moreover, once we started shelling merchant vessels trying to run the blockade, the Russians would be liable to reply with "volunteer" submarine activity, and World War III would move one stage nearer.

The position of Britain should be made unmistakably clear *before* the demand for a blockade is raised. In his testimony before Congress—analysed at length on another page—General MacArthur achieved one at least of his political objectives. He managed to lay a goodly measure of blame for all his failures on the British Government; and anti-British feeling is deep enough in the U.S. to make this explanation extremely popular. Mr. Morrison should neither be ashamed of the revelation that Britain played her due part in frustrating MacArthur's plans, nor afraid of the feelings it is arousing throughout the U.S. If he is to restrain American extremism during the coming months, he cannot avoid intense unpopularity, and he must be prepared to persevere until events prove him right. The refusal of Mr. Truman and Mr. Marshall even to consider the admission of China into the United Nations and the cession of Formosa has made Mr. Morrison's task of peace-making infinitely more difficult. But this should make no difference to his policy. He should reaffirm the British view that China is entitled to its place on the Security Council, and restate his terms for a cease-fire. Simultaneously, he should announce that we are not prepared to see an ineffective embargo transformed into a suicidal blockade. In six months' time, when tempers have cooled, the American people will be grateful to him for his obstinacy.

Anglo-Iranian's Last Bid

In an eleventh-hour attempt to avert the "take-over" of their property by the Persian Government—already authorised by the vote of the Majlis—the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company invokes the arbitration provisions of the 1933 concession agreement. Announcing that Lord Radcliffe has agreed to act as its arbitrator, the Company invites the Persian Government to appoint its own arbitrator—failing which, the President of the International Court will be asked to appoint a sole umpire to decide whether the annulment of the Company's concession is in breach of the 1933 agreement. Since the Persian Government's act was unilateral, it might well be that an umpire nominated by the Hague Court would hold that the Company had law on its side. Indeed, if the proposed recourse to arbitration had taken place a couple of months ago, before oil nationalisation had become a vehement political issue in Iran, a judicial award might have led to some workable scheme for a division of ownership and control between the producing and the refining and marketing sides of the industry. As it is, with the Tudeh Party increasingly active and demanding that the Persian Government legalise it, Dr. Moussadek is unlikely to agree either to appoint a Persian arbitrator or even to accept intervention by the International Court.

A Sinister Election

Lower Saxony has given a warning to those who are disposed towards optimism about political prospects in Western Germany. The 17 seats lost by the coalition of the C.D.U. and the German Party have gone, not to the Social Democrats, who have lost two seats, nor to the Communists, who have sunk from seven to two, but to the Refugee Party, which has risen from one seat to 21 and to Herr Remer's neo-Nazi Socialist Reich Party, which has risen from two to 16. Splinter parties of various persuasions, mainly right wing, have 10 seats out of a total of 158. The Social Democrats, with 64 seats, are still in the lead, but a long way short of a majority. The Refugees and the neo-Nazis now outnumber the C.D.U. and its ally, and together polled more than a quarter of the total vote, as against one-third for the Social Democrats and less than a quarter for the C.D.U. coalition. This is a dangerous situation, which may well be reproduced before long in all areas in which refugees abound. The rearming of Western Germany would pretty certainly worsen the position, by giving further encouragement to the reactionary and militant press. German economic recovery has gone a long way during the past year or two; but it has not had the beneficial effects some hoped for on German political opinion. The Refugee Party, it is true, has no clear policy and is not very likely to develop one. It is much more likely to provide material for a further growth of the Socialist Reich Party, which is undisguisedly militarist and hates democracy in all its forms.

Raw Materials for Europe

The Consultative Assembly of the Council of Europe opened this week with a review by Dr. Stikker of the various proposals for making the Council the main agency for European co-operation in the social and economic fields. In particular, he stressed the danger of trying to absorb the Brussels Treaty organisation until it had been proved that the 15 Powers of the Council could act together as effectively as the five. He also emphasised the point that the effectiveness of the Assembly would depend much more on its own behaviour than on the constitutional powers accorded to it, and that O.E.E.C. had better be allowed to go ahead with its own projects for promoting closer unity, instead of being dug up and replanted in the new soil of the Council. After this warning the Assembly went on to the proposal, put forward by Mr. Edelman with the support of the European Socialist Parties, for action to bring into existence an Atlantic Joint Resources and Purchasing Board, including the U.S.A., to allocate scarce materials and reduce their prices by concerted bulk buying. The proposal includes the sending of a delegation from the Assembly to the United States and Canada to put the European case before Congress and before the Canadian Parliament. The proposed Board, of course, would have to be an intergovernmental body at Ministerial level. To judge from the slow rate of progress in the committees which are already studying the international raw materials problem in Washington, the more prodding that can be done from the European end the better; but at the best there is not much hope of the Americans, in their present mood, accepting any proposal that would slow down their own rearmament in order to prevent Europe from going short of civilian, as distinct from purely military, supplies.

The Health Act Goes Through

The Health Act went through this week; but a considerable number of Labour M.P.s abstained from voting on it. They could, of course, do this without endangering the Government, because there was no chance of the Conservatives voting against the Bill. Mr. Attlee has again asserted that the making of charges for certain parts of the Health Service involves no question of principle; but a great many Labour members feel that it does, and in the debate several Conservatives were jubilant at the thought that the Socialist principles of equality and free service had been given up, and the thin end of a very thick wedge successfully inserted into the Service. The limiting of the charges to a three-year period by no means satisfied the critics, who are well aware that a Conservative Government will very likely be in office when the time for renewal arrives. The very nature of a fixed ceiling in cost is inconsistent with the principle of the main Act: it is as if the Government had decided to devote a fixed amount to Old Age Pensions and to reduce the pension as the number of pensioners increased. One Labour Member made the interesting point that the entire Health Service ought to be taken out of the hands of the Treasury and put on an insurance basis, so as to render it less subject to future budgeting attack. The trouble about this is that compulsory insurance is on the whole a regressive form of taxation, and the State contribution would have to be very large if the contribution rate were not to be unduly high. But the suggestion, all the same, is well worth consideration.

Local Councils

In the local elections which have been going on all this week, the Conservatives are in the main defending seats which they won from the Labour Party three years ago, and are not in a position to make further big gains except by absorbing supporters previously classified as "Independents" or "Ratepayers," or by defeating Liberals and other kinds of Independents. Returns so far show very little change in the composition of the smaller local authorities. This means in effect that Labour's stock is still low; otherwise it should have begun to win back some of the losses of the past three years. But even more the election seems to show a low level of political interest. Polls in the district council contests are mostly small, and the campaigns have aroused very little excitement. In the South at any rate, the dormitory suburbs are still swinging away from the Labour Party; but there is no landslide. Labour is also still doing rather badly in Scotland. In Glasgow, where the Labour Party had hopes of winning back its majority, two more seats were lost; and Labour had further losses in Dundee and Aberdeen, as against small gains in a number of lesser centres.

Purple and Green

Within a month of the sacking of Dr. Noel Browne, the Minister of Health, whose efforts for mothers and children were denounced by the Catholic Hierarchy, the Costello Government of Ireland has had to go to the country. The issue was forced by the resignation of yet another member of Clann na Poblachta, the party led by Mr. Sean MacBride, who forced Dr. Browne from office. With the defections from the Clann, the Coalition Government which has lasted three years became unstable. The position of the parties at the dissolution was: Fianna Fail (De Valera), 67; Fine Gael (Costello), 30; Clann na Pablachta (MacBride), 6; Labour, 19; Farmers, 5; Independents, 17. The popular feeling about Dr. Browne—the first emotional issue in Irish domestic politics for 20 years—is likely to be aborted at the polls because no party, including Fianna Fail, is likely to take issue with the Church. It can only mean disaffection and disenfranchisement of those who feel strongly. But it has meant the disruption of the MacBride Party and may mean the return of De Valera with a small—probably an unworkable—majority over the Coalition. The result is unlikely to affect the role of the Hierarchy and its power to bring the Government and an elected Parliament to heel. Episcopal purple is stronger than any party colour.

Locusts

In the middle of the oil wrangle, the Persian Government has appealed to Britain and U.S. to help in fighting the most serious locust plague for 80 years. Because of the breakdown of the Middle Eastern locust controls established during the war, a famine-threatening movement of desert locusts is now swarming over a vast area from India to West Africa. The

account which Dr. B. P. Uvarov, Director of the Anti-Locust Research Centre, gives in *Locust Research and Control* (H.M. Stationery Office, 5s.) is at once heartening and discouraging—heartening because it shows very clearly that with adequate measures the menace could be banished, and discouraging because even those countries most heavily beset have not learned fully the lessons of the wartime co-operation which saved the vital food supplies of the Middle East from devastation. Then it was possible, when the desert locusts were menacing the supply lines to Russia through Persia, to get a combined operation by Britain, the U.S.S.R., India, Persia and the Middle Eastern countries. Because memories are short in the Middle East, and because this organisation was not maintained, the desert locust is a persisting menace. If international co-operation could be maintained it would be possible to abolish the plagues of locusts which mean a loss of foodstuffs worth £30 million every year.

NINEPENCE

FROM next week onwards the retail price of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION "across the counter" will be raised from sixpence to ninepence a copy. Particulars of revised rates payable by postal subscribers at home and overseas, as and when subscriptions fall due for renewal, will be found on page 529.

We make this announcement with regret. Even our net sale of nearly 100,000 copies a week does not enable us to avoid putting up our selling price. With paper now costing three to four times what it was before the last war and printing about double, also with every other cost up proportionately, there is no alternative but to do what the newspapers and every other periodical has done or will, we believe, be compelled to do very soon.

Our rapidly rising circulation since 1939 more than justified the higher rates for advertising space. Thus we were able to absorb steadily rising costs of production and to adhere to what has been, throughout this century, the traditional price of a weekly periodical.

Before the war the noble paper on which the *N.S. & N.* was then printed cost about £23 a ton. Since the war, the exigencies of world supply have imposed on us the use of a relatively more austere quality of paper; and although paper is no longer on the ration it is in fact very effectively rationed by allocation. In January, 1950, this paper was costing us £37 per ton. Its price to-day is over £70. The thin paper on which our overseas edition is printed now costs the fantastic sum of nearly £185 per ton, or about 1s 8d per lb.!

If the world trend of raw material prices is reversed, we shall be prompt in passing the benefits on to our readers. As it is, we shall make every effort to ensure that the *N.S. & N.* is even better value for its enhanced price.

Without entering too deeply into the comparative merits of "poetry and push-pin," we may perhaps be permitted to remind readers that, in 1939, ten cigarettes equalled our sixpence. At ninepence, THE NEW STATESMAN will now balance in the scale of "satisfactions" against just over four post-Crippsian cigarettes.

PARLIAMENT: Conscience Divides

Wednesday.

LAST month, conflict about principles split the Government. Last week, it split the Parliamentary Labour Party. Throughout Wednesday, and far into the night, the Government's supporters publicly burned with indignation against their leaders for what they declared to be "the Government's betrayal of a free Health Service" by imposing a charge on spectacles and dentures. From all parts of the land, the threat to the people's teeth and glasses rallied the Cavaliers of the Left. For England, Mikardo, Hale and Mrs. Braddock led the attack; for Wales, Nye Bevan, George Thomas and S. O. Davies. For Scotland, most vehemently indignant of all, Manuel, McGovern, McMichael and Emrys Hughes divided the House. In face of the Government's insistence on the £25 million that the charges would provide, silent rebellion kept sixty-odd Labour Members glued to their seats during the division. From the Government's flank, with little reference to the merits of the Bill, pungent personal counter-attacks on the rebels were carried out by Mellish, McAllister and Mrs. Mann. For the most part, the rebel speeches were vitriolic, each succeeding speaker seeming more shrill in his determination to be heard bewailing, above the other mourners, the passing of the "free" Health Service. The Government, as its undertaker, was successively belaboured for stupidity, treachery, totalitarianism and, inevitably, for the final enormity of subservience to America.

In reply, the Government spokesmen roundly denied that these charges had broken with principle. If there were a principle at stake, it had perished when the former Minister of Health had introduced charges for the transport of patients receiving treatment and accepted the policy of a charge on prescriptions. The purpose of this charge on appliances, said Marquand, was to keep open 50,000 beds in hospitals and to be able to send tuberculosis sufferers to Switzerland. The House, he declared, had accepted the necessity for rearmament. Rearmament was bound to mean a limit of expenditure in other directions. Within this limit, he implied, the religion of Socialism is the language of priorities.

The progress of the civil war alternately amused and amazed the Tories. Having ruled so long, with the poor always with them, their fathers have outgrown for them the pangs of conscience. But they welcomed the spectacle of its divisive power, and served valiantly as camp-followers to both sides in order to keep the battle alive. For a moment on Monday it seemed as though the third reading of the Bill would go through while the rebel cohorts were at tea. Walter Elliot can seldom have used his watery eloquence to greater advantage than then. He waffled long enough to ensure that the Government should not escape from the strictures of its followers, who came pouring back into the Chamber to continue, by his courtesy, the forlorn "battle of the plates." Historically, the end of most of the democratic Socialist Governments of the world has been by *felo de se*. But it would be a pity if Britain's "Methodist" brand should be by self-immolation on the fires of conscience, to the sole advantage of His Majesty's Opposition.

TOM WILLIAMS

MacArthur versus Marshall

THE published transcript of General MacArthur's testimony is a remarkable document. For three days, under close interrogation, he not only sought to justify his conduct of the Korean campaign: he also let the inquiring Senators see the more remote vistas of his Imperial mind. With a masterly command of the material in the filing cabinets he had flown from Tokio, and with turns of phrase and emotion that closely recall one of Mr. Churchill's wartime orations, he developed his philosophy of war and peace, urged his claims as an expert on the Oriental way of life, and laid down his strategy for American security. It was an impressive performance by a brilliant egotist, marked by vagueness and omissions, but marked by modesty only when some Senators solicited his views on Europe. Then he became the modest theatre commander who declined to set the situation in his theatre against a global picture: it was, he said, the task of his superiors, and especially of the President, to strike the balance of competing policies.

In the history of war, there have been few such public inquests upon a campaign still under way, or such open debate on the highest level about the best means to complete it. Certainly, to many Americans, MacArthur's argument will seem cogent and persuasive. He was authorised, he said, to check North Korean aggression, destroy the opposing army, and "liberalise" North Korea. He had almost completed this task when the Chinese units intervened. From that moment, his hands were tied. He was forbidden to send his aircraft across the Yalu River to attack these units at their point of assembly or harry their bases and communications. His army, therefore, was unable to force a decision within the Korean peninsula, and was condemned to wage an "accordion campaign" in which thousands of American lives—he criticised other nations, including Britain, for providing only inadequate and token forces—were being wasted. The Chinese, he argued, could continue indefinitely to throw in fresh manpower, and while "the wraps were kept on," he could not use either "his" Navy or Air Force at anything like the efficiency required to end the war. So long, moreover, as Formosa was "neutralised," the Nationalist troops could not be employed to supplement the ground forces in Korea or to stage diversions which would drain away Communist strength from the Korean front.

This is MacArthur's military case. In deference to "appeasement-minded" allies, he urged, the United States has so far refused to take the only steps which can induce Peking to sue for terms. It has, therefore, committed a large part of its available strength and many of its sons to a bloody and senseless stalemate. It will not, and should not get out of Korea; it cannot win under present conditions. It is thus faced with indefinite slaughter. If this is the case, the General said, it is "better to protect ourselves and go it alone." America's allies are nothing more than a millstone which will drag down American security to disaster.

What would MacArthur himself propose? He repeated, at this hearing, the suggestions he

made in his address to Congress. Impose an economic and naval blockade of China; release the Air Force from the restriction on operations over Manchuria; aid and encourage Chiang Kai-shek in whatever military adventures he sees fit to undertake; and present Peking with an ultimatum to make peace or take the consequences. Taken together, he insisted, these actions would suffice to end the war.

Naturally, those Senators who support the Administration's view that Europe is at least as important as the Pacific were anxious lest the war extend, first, to land engagement on the Chinese mainland, and, secondly, to an all-out conflict with the Soviet Union. MacArthur disowned the idea of invading the mainland. On the prospect of Russian intervention he was as categorical as he was convinced last summer that the Chinese would stay out of Korea. To support his thesis that no Soviet riposte might be expected, however, he was driven into the unexpected argument that Soviet power had been over-estimated, that most of the Russian dispositions were defensive, and that the Soviet submarine fleet was designed mainly for the protection of coastal waters. To Senators who feared that war against China would provoke Russian reactions in Europe, he replied that he was not sufficiently informed to have opinions about Europe. In any case, he did not agree with Senators who thought the menace was that of Soviet Imperialism or armed aggression : the enemy was global Communism, of which the Kremlin "was only one loci."

Finally, for the first time, MacArthur stated at length his case for denying Formosa to the Communists. "We practically lose the Pacific Ocean if we give up or lose Formosa," for in Communist hands, the island would provide a base which would outflank Japan and the Philippines, make the "island chain" useless, and place America's frontier on the beaches of California. While the General did not attempt to square this sweeping assertion with his earlier testimony that Communist amphibious forces were not strong enough to offer any serious threat to Japan, it impressed his hearers. Senator Morse, for instance, made this revealing remark:

> I am afraid if it [Formosa] got to the World Court now on just the one issue as to whether or not the Cairo Agreement, as a matter of international law, it might obligate us to give it up. That might be pretty difficult for us to win as a legal proposition. . . . We are in there now on unilateral action because we believe it is necessary to protect it from falling into Red hands in order to protect our security and interests.

No one can deny that MacArthur made the best of his case. There was a series of detailed points on which he was open to rebuttal. One was the allegation, refuted by General Marshall, that the Chiefs of Staff had, in a memorandum of January 12, supported his view that the war should be carried to the Chinese. Mr. Marshall pointed out that the suggestions of January 12, from which MacArthur had quoted only the four that suited him, were made against the prospect that the U.N. army would be driven out of Korea. But MacArthur left one fundamental question for the Administration to answer. What, he asked, if you refuse to make my gamble, do you propose to do? This is the weakness of Mr. Truman's position, especially in the eyes of an American public which sees the casualty lists mount to no clear purpose. For reasons of domestic politics, the Administration has been unwilling to take the British line that, in the end, a settlement of the conflict must take account of Communist China's claim to admission to the U.N. and to sovereignty over Formosa. Instead, rejecting General MacArthur's demand for the extension of the war, the President has chosen to plod on. In his speech on Monday, he again insisted that a wider conflict would mean a bigger and longer war; that it would increase the strategic risks in the Pacific and mean bigger casualties; that it would consolidate the Communist regime in China; and that it would divide America from her allies.

It was General Marshall's task on Monday to convince the Senators that "going it alone" involved a greater gamble than "going on as before." He conceded that the Administration shared MacArthur's opposition to the admission of China to the U.N. and his anxiety to deny the Communists Formosa. But America, he insisted, was buying time in Korea: nothing would be more foolish than, at this stage, to run the risk of of an all-out war with the U.S.S.R. "at the expense of losing our allies and wrecking the coalition of free peoples" and, perhaps, of inviting Soviet invasion of Europe and the Middle East.

Reports from Washington suggest that General Marshall did offer the Senators some definite plans as a substitute for the MacArthur programme, but the transcript of his testimony at the closed hearing was so censored as to conceal details of forthcoming operations. For this reason the Administration has not yet offered a full-dress rebuttal to General MacArthur that will satisfy the Congress or a great part of the American people. It has exploded some of his claims about past behaviour. But, as a gesture of domestic appeasement, it is now urging upon its allies the desirability of an economic blockade of China; it seems prepared to hit back at Manchuria if Communist planes appear in force; and it has reached a point where it could not publicly discuss any of the terms of peace which might make peace possible. It is still insisting that continued destruction of Chinese units in Korea will eventually bring Peking to the point of negotiations—a hope that seems to be shared in London. But if that gamble proves mistaken, will it be able to resist the political pressure to make the MacArthur gamble instead? And down the MacArthur road lies the certainty of war with China and the dreadful probability of a global holocaust.

Shall Socialism Fail?

II. Lost Chances and Future Needs

If democratic Socialism is to succeed, it must create a new leadership arising out of the people and leading by example and not by authority delegated from above. That was the problem stated in the first of these two articles. How can it be solved?

Let us begin with the nationalised industries. The National Board system is unsatisfactory because it generates no enthusiasm anywhere. A bad cross between bureaucracy and big business, it gives the worker no sense that the responsibility for high output at low cost now rests on him. It gives the consumer no sense of participation: it makes him feel that he is more than ever up against a vast, uncontrollable monopolistic machine. I can see all the reasons that made the Public Corporation seem to its sponsors a sound compromise: what they forgot was that socialisation depends for its efficiency on the release of new springs of energy among the people—on making them feel that the show is theirs to make or mar.

For this reason, power and responsibility ought to have been given to the producers and consumers whether they seemed ready for it or not. Consumers' Councils, set up with full independence for small enough areas to represent real opinions, ought to have been put right in the forefront. Instead of a shadowy joint consultation, real responsibilities ought to have been thrust on workshop delegates and pit committees. The regional and central organisations ought to have been built up on this foundation. Piecework and other incentives ought to have been devised, as far as possible, on a group basis: the workers on the floor ought to have been given a real voice in choosing supervisors and workshop managers. The entire atmosphere of the workplaces ought to have been changed, so as to make the key workers feel, and be able to communicate, the advent of a new, democratic order. Not one of these things has been done, or even tried. Labour politicians and trade union leaders have shown no willingness to trust the common man: they have conceived socialisation as merely State business replacing private business, without any change of spirit or status.

Or take the case of local and regional government. There was a magnificent opportunity to break away from the obsolete structure of local government areas, and at the same time to devolve much power from the overworked central Departments and Parliament by creating a new, elective regional structure which could have taken over powers of planning and execution both from local authorities unable to cope with them and from the central government. Instead, local government was left unreformed, and a host of new delegates of the central Departments were sent out into the provinces. The new leadership that might have arisen out of local government and local patriotism was not given the smallest chance.

Even at the centre, appointments to new positions of key influence were made with a singular lack of imagination and a strong preference for the safe and elderly, whether the persons appointed were ex-civil servants, or trade union leaders, or business men. Instead of setting out to give the building of the new social structure a quality of adventure and democratic responsibility, the Government seems to have looked out for the men who could be trusted not to do anything rash—as if its purpose were to make the social changes

seem as small as possible, and indeed be as small as small-minded men could make them.

This policy of *not* risking the creation of a new impetus extended to the handling of industrial relations in industry generally. It was essential to plan the distribution of incomes, to decide how much could be paid out to the various claimants without provoking inflation, and how profits as well as wages were to be dealt with under the new conditions of full employment. Yet the Government and the trade union leaders together insisted on keeping up a pretence of free collective bargaining, with compulsory arbitration as a substitute for the strike, instead of working out together a reasonable wages and profits policy.

Inevitably, this meant keeping wages down and allowing profits to soar, as long as profits were relied on as the main source of capital for investment. It therefore set up a mood of frustration among the workers, who wrongly supposed that lower profits would have meant higher wages to spend—which they could not have meant except at the cost of slowing down needed investment or inducing inflation. A policy of severely limiting profits and providing for investment much more out of public funds derived from taxing property as well as surplus income would have made the workers see why wages could not be higher. It would also have attacked the forms of capitalist property which it is the business of Socialists to attack, if they are really aiming at a classless society.

There ought, I am sure, to have been an out-and-out attack both on high profits and on large fortunes—on the latter, by drastic taxation of inherited wealth. At the same time, there ought to have been sympathetic State encouragement for the small man—especially the small business man with a good idea—not only on a few Trading Estates, but as a general policy. There ought to have been stronger control over large non-nationalised enterprises—public directors on the boards of all big firms, reporting directly to the workshop delegates and to the local Consumers' Councils—and much more insistence on utility goods, with a minimum of centralised dictation of types. The Co-operative movement ought to have been prodded into more adventurous courses and offered public help in expanding its range of services. Many more of the private schools ought to have been brought inside the public system, under a more regionalised control in which teachers' and parents' representatives ought to have been given a larger part.

All these things ought to have been tried both for their own sake and as the necessary means towards creating a new popular leadership. Instead, the Labour Government, though it achieved wonders in getting so much of its 1945 programme on to the Statute Book within five years, forgot, if indeed it ever knew, that Acts of Parliament are not ends but only beginnings of a process which depends for its social effects on day-to-day administration and on the part in it accorded to the people. I say, "If it ever knew"; for I think it did not know, or allow itself to see the truth. It was the victim of the tendency towards centralisation and authoritarian control which it should have been its mission to fight: it could see the evils of Fascist or Communist authoritarianism, but not the bureaucratic mote in its own eye. "Mote," not "beam"; but disastrous enough for all that.

So we have drifted into a position in which nobody feels any enthusiasm for further nationalisation, and nobody knows what to do about the major part of industry that is left under capitalist ownership and control. We are not able to hand out further expensive benefits in the form of social services, or to raise wages, or to reduce taxation on the smaller incomes so as to increase incentives to high output. There is, in fact, nothing much left to be done, along the established lines; for it is a formidable enough task to go on carrying out the measures already enacted, without the aid of a drive of working-class enthusiasm to ease the burden. But for a Socialist party to be unable to advance means the certainty of going back in popular esteem. Electorates are not grateful: they turn to their grievances when there is nothing to appeal to their hopes. And grievances are always plentiful, and can be appeased only by the enthusiasm of key local and group leaders. If these guides are disgruntled, Socialists will get no change out of an appeal to the people to remember past favours.

What, then, is to be done? To break away from the Labour Party would be futile; for the notion of a third working-class party, somewhere between it and the Communists, is frankly absurd under British political conditions. The need rather is to bring together *within the Labour Party* those who believe that democratic Socialism requires not a concentration, but a diffusion of responsibility and power. It should be for them to work out a new approach and to undertake propaganda for their ideas in both the party and the trade unions. I know this has been tried before, and that several small groups are trying it now. What I hope is that they will come together, and do a good deal of hard thinking before they attempt to act.

G. D. H. COLE

London Diary

LAST Sunday's May Day demonstrations provided a good opportunity for Labour M.P.s to test out the feelings of their supporters about the Cabinet resignations. In Glasgow there was overwhelming support for Aneurin Bevan, who led a huge procession through the streets and then addressed a crowd of 50,000. The Scottish Labour Party has lately been in the doldrums and it is not surprising that Clydeside has welcomed a Left-wing revival. I gather that South Wales is also strongly Bevanite and that elsewhere those M.P.s who have asked for a resolution supporting the resignations have had no difficulty in obtaining it, while some "loyalists" have been overruled by their constituency parties. Ever since last autumn the Socialist rank and file has been feeling increasingly depressed and frustrated. The foul weather, the coal shortage, the meat shortage and rising prices have exposed the Labour woman in the shop and the Labour man in the factory to unceasing gibes, and they have found it difficult to fight back because very often their own consciences were uneasy about the whole rearmament policy. There is a natural inclination, therefore, to rally to a Left-wing leadership which expresses all this uneasiness—on one condition, that this leadership remains loyal. On this point I hear from all sides that the constituency parties are adamant. They want a change of Government policy, but not a split.

* * *

But what sort of change? In this issue G. D. H. Cole gives his ideas about the failures of the Labour Government and sketches the sort of decentralised Socialist leadership which, he believes, can give flesh and blood to the bare bones of nationalisation. His articles express the frustrations of the Labour Party very well, and once again remind us that not Marx, but the Chapel and the Chartists, Owen and Morris have provided the vision of British Socialism. The trouble is that this sort of Socialist way of life is best practised by small groups; it can't be legislated into existence or formulated in an election programme. Bevan and his friends can only provide a new dynamic inside the Labour Party by grappling with the immediate problems of rearmament, inflation and Anglo-American relations. It would be easy for them to make capital out of the anti-Americanism and Utopian aspirations of the rank and file, and they could gain a huge following by doing so. But if they succumb to this temptation, they will be defeated by the realists on the Right wing who, however misguidedly, are facing the unpalatable facts. Seldom has there been such a gulf as exists to-day between what ordinary people want and what a British Government can immediately do. The test of Bevan's leadership is whether he widens that gulf or bridges it by formulating a Socialist policy which could form the basis for an agreed election programme.

* * *

My American correspondence now brings me a lot of quiet fun. A letter from a well-known journalist appears in our correspondence columns this week. According to him, we must be hard up for another American scapegoat now that we have got rid of MacArthur. However often we repeat it, Mr. Fischer cannot understand the surely quite simple fact that a paper which has always been "anti-British imperialist" (though never enough so in the past to please the American press) remains anti-imperialist even when the headquarters has moved from London to Washington. Another letter, this time from a courteous correspondent in Denver, Colorado, tells us that we ought to have known better than to take any notice of a Gallup Poll which showed a majority against MacArthurism. How ignorant we must be of America not to know that the country is as 5,000 to 5 (he quotes an estimate of wires sent to the White House) in favour of MacArthur as against Truman! Another correspondent asks why we waste time on so trivial and temporary a figure as MacArthur! He writes: "Every country has lice and it does not help us to get them out of our hair..." The *San Francisco Chronicle* has a long article about the *N.S. & N.*, ironically suggesting that we object to anyone "turning fast shillings" in domestic policy, and were very upset by the

competitive threat of reviving Japanese cotton exports. So the *N.S. & N.* is wrong this time because it is itself imperialist! The amusing point about these letters is that they all rebuke us for getting our "facts" wrong about America, and then provide "facts" which precisely cancel each other out.

* * *

Ted Castle, who succeeded Tom Hopkinson at *Picture Post*, has resigned. This makes the sixth Hulton editor to lose his job in the last two years—three editors of the now defunct *Leader*, one of *Lilliput* and two of *Picture Post*. The occasion of Castle's going was not an issue of public policy like the suppression of Cameron's article about Korean atrocities which led to the departure of Hopkinson, but it was hardly less a matter of public concern. It is no secret in Fleet Street that the proprietors of *Picture Post* have been concerned about sales; they argue that the public, less and less interested in big events and live issues, now wants only "escapism." Without consultation with the Editor of *Picture Post*, therefore, an investigator was appointed to study Continental periodicals with a view to finding a new formula for selling the paper. Ted Castle was then informed that he was to leave the "creative" side of the paper entirely to this investigator, himself retaining functions of a rather indefinite kind, though he would no doubt still possess a responsible editor's privilege of going to gaol if his paper offended. Not unnaturally, Castle resigned. He is an active Socialist (husband of Barbara Castle, M.P.), and with his going Mr. Edward Hulton has cut the painter with all the progressives who have built his success as a modern newspaper proprietor.

* * *

I have never really enjoyed a chess column until Assiac began to write in this journal. He combines a high degree of expertise with a romantic approach to the game which is after my own heart. This gift of adding humour and enthusiasm to deep and scholarly knowledge of the game makes his book *Adventure in Chess* (Turnstile Press, 10*s.* 6*d.*) unique in the literature of this subject. I am not sure about the wisdom of the charming little comic drawings, because they may deceive some serious players into assuming the book is a rag, whereas in fact Assiac is as useful and instructive as Nimzovitch without egotism or pontification.

* * *

A familiar journalistic gambit is to divide people into two classes—those who like tripe and those who don't, or those who do and those who don't enjoy making snowballs in May. My own favourite example is between those who secure their ties with a paper fastener, and those who don't. (It was years after I left Cambridge before I discovered that this was not a universal practice, just as it was only quite recently that I learnt that some people put on their overcoats one arm after another instead of both together as I naturally do.) Another division of mankind brought to my notice is between those who hold the handle of their attaché cases firmly and confidently with all their finger-tips tucked out of sight, and those who keep a forefinger cautiously extended down the side of the lid. I used to assume that the first group were trustful, resolute people with clear conscience, who feared no betrayal of their secrets, while the latter, whose timid forefingers might equally have been pressed to their lips, were furtive, mean people with attaché cases that contained sordid and discreditable things. But lately I have seen two cases burst open (a sight which is all too rare), one protected by a forefinger and one not. The first disgorged the *Times*, THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, and a tin of throat pastilles; the second, carried nonchalantly by a man with striped trousers and a tightly rolled umbrella, vomited forth a mass of soiled linen, a roll of blue tickets, and bookmaker's clock. Diversity in man is all very well, but this kind of thing is a nuisance to the tidy anthropologist.

* * *

Unless Lord Beaverbrook has succeeded in bribing the Higher Weather Authorities, I still believe that we shall have a few days of sunshine before the winter of 1951 finally closes down upon us. In any case people's craving for colour and gaiety is so great that they will insist on enjoying the Festival whatever the weather. The case of the sodden country-side is more serious. As a West Country farmer put it last week: "This year every cow has five mouths; it eats with one and treads the grass into mud with the other four."

CRITIC

THE DARK DOMINION

Everyone should be treated according to what God ordained for him, after the pattern of inequality which He Himself created.
—*Dutch Reformed Church Commission, 12th April.*

And the Church said unto Malan,
" The Boer is the master race
By right of blood and birth.
God gives the Black his place
As dust and scum of the earth,
According to His plan."

And Malan said unto the Whites,
" The Blacks are as beasts of the field,
Thine ox and thine ass are they.
Their rights shall be repealed,
Their all shall be taken away.
Ox and ass have no rights."

And Malan said unto the Blacks,
" An outcast's life shall you lead.
Into my hands God gave
The dark-skinned subject breed.
Black blood proclaims the slave,
My load shall bow your backs."

And Malan to the Coloured said,
" You are not White men's kin
Though Boer blood fills your veins.
Fruit of our fathers' sin,
You wear the Black man's chains,
As beasts of burden bred."

And Malan said unto mankind,
" You against God blaspheme
When you my laws condemn.
None shall my slaves redeem,
For so created He them
Whom with God's bonds I bind."

Then answered the African,
" If he has created me,
Dumbly to bear the load,
Thine ox and thine ass to be,
Driven by whip and goad,
Why did God make me man ? "

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Royal occasions and processions are becoming almost as popular in Britain as they are in Republics abroad, and rightly so.—*Sunday Dispatch.* (G. M. Moger.)

Remove the bedclothes gently. Take a piece of damp soap and dab on to the flea. This prevents it escaping.—*The "Olio" Cookery Book.* (Mrs. J. Glynne Jones.)

His last request was to be buried at Mucking, Essex, where the rubbish his firm collected was disposed of on the marshes.—*Evening News.* (Mrs. J. H. Halse.)

The picture of Princess Elizabeth, hand in hand with Prince Charles after her arrival home, is an excellent example of economy for mothers.

The Prince's coat sleeve extended to his knuckles. The coat, made for growth, will obviously fit him for months to come.

Other mothers buying clothes would do well to follow the Royal example.—Letter in *Scottish Sunday Express.* (A. B. C.)

It is necessary for technical reasons that these warheads should be stored with the top at the bottom, and the bottom at the top. In order that there may be no doubt as to which is the top and which is the bottom for storage purposes, it will be seen that the bottom of each head has been labelled with the word TOP.—*Admiralty instruction dealing with the storage of warheads of torpedoes.* (E. M. W.)

The Lyon Congress

I LIKE Lyon. Built, like Manhattan, on the point of a sword between two mighty rivers, it is the only French city outside Paris which looks like a metropolis. It has great dignified buildings old and new, smart crowds and little provincial grubbiness. It is here that the National Congress of the Mouvement Républicain Populaire (M.R.P.) is being held in the large hall of Lyon Fair, beside the swift emerald waters of the Rhône.

The M.R.P., with 144 deputies in the Assembly, are to-day the second-largest party in France, and, in the last election 27 per cent. of the electorate voted for them. To-day they stand to be the biggest losers in the new election. The M.R.P. are the Demo-Christians of France, but they are strikingly unlike the Conservative Demo-Christians of Germany and Italy. Their ancestry is a mixed one; among their forefathers they count Lammenais and Montalembert, and their uncles and cousins include Jacques Maritain and Marc Sangnier (whose noble countenance decorated the entrance of the Congress hall) and other progressive Catholic thinkers. Blessed by part of the French Church, their father and mother are Social Justice and Resistance. It was the Resistance and the Liberation that increased the small group of 13 Démocrates Populaires in the pre-war Chamber to nearly 150 M.R.P.s in the 1946 Assembly. They are, *en principe*, a Left-wing Party, and, throughout the four days' discussions at the Congress, the phrase "social justice" kept cropping up, over and over again. Unlike the Radicals, and more than the Socialists, the M.R.P., with whom are closely linked the powerful and strikingly Left-wing Christian trade unions, the C.F.T.C., may be said to be, in part, a "working-class party."

Of the three principal Government parties, one cannot help having a soft spot for the M.R.P. They have ideas, an ideology, and good instincts

One feels they are a lot of very decent people, above all their young *militants*. No doubt, there are some typical politicians amongst the M.R.P., men like P. H. Teitgen and Paul Coste-Floret, who is one of the men most responsible for the hash in Indo-China; but more typical perhaps of the leadership are their president, Georges Bidault, a better Prime Minister than most produced by the Fourth Republic, and one of the great Resistance leaders in the past; Robert Schuman, who is more sinned against than sinning if his two favourite children, the Council of Europe and the Schuman Plan, have not turned out as well as he had hoped; or Paul Bacon, the Minister of Labour, himself of working-class stock, who, in his recent handling of the strikes, showed more understanding for the workers' legitimate demands than most Ministers of the Queuille Government.

These and many others, like Maurice Schumann, the M.R.P.'s foreign expert, all give one the impression of being men of great sincerity and good will, and disinclined to be carried away by hate propagandas. No doubt the record of the M.R.P. in the handling of a problem like Indo-China is about as bad as anybody else's; and in Paul Coste-Floret's long speech on Sunday morning on the French Union there was more blah to the minute than is usual even in pre-election Congress speeches; but it may at least be said that if Radicals and Socialists and also a few de Gaullists were up to their necks in the *Affaire des Généraux* and other colonial and financial scandals, the M.R.P.'s record remained remarkably clean. And to-day even Coste-Floret was trying to think a little more constructively than most about Indo-China. France, he said, must endeavour to get Bao Dai's Indo-China admitted to U.N.; if Russia objected she might be offered in return the admission of Communist China. Not perhaps a very practical solution, but still a solution, which might at least pave the way for a general settlement in the Far East. U.N., Coste-Floret said, could play its part in such a general settlement, but he was dead against U.N. troops being sent to Viet Nam, since these would only turn it into another Korea.

There is, of course, on this, as on most subjects, something of a gulf in the M.R.P. between the Ministers and the *militants*, and also some rank-and-file deputies, like M. André Denis (who, by the way, poor man, has his constituency in the Dordogne, formerly the pocket borough of Georges Bonnet. And Bonnet, though not eligible, is still going to stand for Parliament and will, with the help of his numerous local cronies, steal a lot of M.R.P. votes!). M. Denis recently had the temerity of proposing that another attempt be made to negotiate with Ho Chi Minh; and this proposal was taken up by one of the Youth Federations at this Congress, only to be sat on, of course, very severely by the leaders.

I had dinner one night in a little working-class restaurant with some of the young people of the M.R.P. They are as good a bunch of young Frenchmen as I know. They are essentially Socialists; they believe in planning, they passionately advocate a square deal for the French workers, and felt rather disgusted that, at the Congress that day, the motion proposing that a sliding scale for wages be universally applied in France was rejected after a somewhat tortuous speech by M. Bacon, the Minister of Labour. There is no one they dislike more than the conservative *laissez-faire* Radicals "who haven't learned a thing," and the go-get-it business-man type of politician like M. Pleven, who for months totally neglected, despite M.R.P. protests, to face up to the financial and economic problems besetting France.

The *patronne* of the restaurant reminisced about the Resistance days: oh, yes, the Resistance leaders used to come here very often, Maurice Guérin, and Gilbert Drû, who was to be shot by the Gestapo, and Bidault and also Yves Farge. "*Aie!*" one of the young men laughed, "you mustn't mention *him* now—the man is almost a Communist!" "Of course," said my young friend, "it's a funny business, this M.R.P. of ours. In '46 all the good conservative Catholics, especially of the West, voted for us, and our leaders largely reflect their views. Then there are a lot of sentimentalists in the M.R.P. who like to think in terms of Marc Sangnier's *Sillon*, Millet's *Angelus* sort-of-thing, fields of wheat, sunsets and church-bells; but our young people are, in the main, much more working-class in mentality, and Etienne Borne, the great ideologist of the M.R.P., is awfully alarmed by our hankering for Marxism just because, apart from Christianity, it's the only optimistic faith one can have these days!" As we were walking home that night, we passed a huge hoarding plastered with dozens of posters of anti-Russian hate propaganda by the *Paix et Liberté* organisation. "Totally destructive, negative stuff this," one of the young people remarked. "Pleven stuff, American stuff—far too much like the Nazi hate propaganda of Philippe Henriot during the war. And who the devil in France wants to start a Crusade against Russia?" We then talked of other things: these young M.R.P. boys were sorry never to have been able to establish any contacts with British student and youth organisations; they had written and written, but to no effect. Yet there was nothing they were more interested in than the "Labour Experiment"; there was nothing they would like better than for the M.R.P. to become, in time, a French *travailliste* party.

In the coming election, the M.R.P. are expected to lose heavily, but they are confident of remaining a lasting influence. There was no Gaullist movement in the '46 election, and now the Gaullists will get many of the M.R.P. votes, often perhaps with the support of the local *curé*. The M.R.P. put up a losing battle against the electoral reform, but, in the end, they decided that it was a lesser evil than any other solution. They reckon that, in practice, the new system will be only a slightly modified P.R. system, calculated, above all, to limit the number of Gaullist and Communist seats. The *apparentement* with the other Third Force parties may often be difficult, but the leaders of the M.R.P. have been stressing the fact that M.R.P. votes will *not* go to the anti-clerical Radicals, for instance, and that the *apparenté* parties getting more than 50 per cent. of the votes will simply share out the total poll on a P.R. basis, in accordance with the number of votes cast for each of the *apparenté* candidates. On de Gaulle some very strong views were expressed at the Congress: he was accused of "Caesarism" and "Boulangism" and of wanting to drag France into a deadly adventure, and although Bidault clearly regretted that de Gaulle had "bolted the door," he (Bidault) wasn't going to ring the bell. Only what if de Gaulle, one may ask, were, either before or after the election, to unlock the door? However, others, notably M. Teitgen, were more emphatic in their opposition to having anything to do with de Gaulle either before or after, and this seems to be the M.R.P. line—at least for the present.

Much, if not everything, ultimately depends on how many seats the Gaullists get in the next Assembly. Forecasts at the Congress were: 120 Gaullists, 100 Communists, and the remaining 400 more or less Third Force, including 80 M.R.P.'s. Only what on earth would happen if the Communists got, say, 120 and the Gaullists, as some of their spokesmen have been prophesying, 200 seats? Here's France's Question No. 1.

Lyon, May 8. ALEXANDER WERTH

Goodoh Australia

APATHY in the recent General Election cannot be wholly explained by saying that if in some countries the electors vote out of a conviction, in Australia they vote to avoid one. With or without compulsory voting, it would be beyond an airborne Keir Hardie to inflame interest by canvassing every household in the West Australian constituency of Kalgoorlie, several times larger than Great Britain, where the farm gate may be thirty miles away from the front door.

The saddest people in Australia, and New Zealand, are the Socialists who welcomed Labour's defeat in 1949. Hope fathered faith that in the wilderness of Opposition the Party would swing to the Left, recover its fervour and construct a policy. But Labour has not yet produced the political genius who will demonstrate how to move simultaneously Leftwards, to excite the enthusiasm of its Socialist followers, and Rightwards to win the Third Force of floating voters and Catholics. Since the Liberal and Country Party coalition is in the same dilemma of trying to move in opposite directions at the same time, it is not surprising that policies become similar by their absence, issues blurred and electors apathetic.

While all voters are apathetic, they gradually become more apathetic about the party which has power than about the party which hasn't. They are liable to punish the Government for doing nothing and reward the Opposition for proposing nothing. But at this election, held only 16 months after the last, the pendulum has not swung far enough to restore Labour to power. Menzies' appeal was for a chance to carry out his emotion-charged one-point programme for destroying the Communists. There was a swing against Menzies, notably in Victoria, where the *Daily Mirror*-owned *Argus* is the only Australian newspaper to state Labour's case fairly. But enough people, especially Catholics in the key State of Queensland, thought he hadn't had a "fair go" to keep him in office. Unfortunately for him, he has not, in office, the power to put through his programme unless international tension mounts several degrees higher.

If Menzies' attack on the Communists has won him only a hollow victory in the election it has succeeded in dividing Labour and preventing the anticipated move to the Left. Holland's attack in New Zealand on the Waterside Workers' Union through Emergency Regulations, which would have been a source of pride to Mussolini, has likewise divided the Labour Party's Nash from the Federation of Labour's Walsh.

When the Menzies Government followed the lines of the U.S. Internal Security legislation and presented the Communist Party Dissolution Bill, the Labour Party could not conceal the dissensions within its ranks. Ben Chifley, Party Leader and the greatest political figure in Australia, was hostile to the Bill. Mr. Evatt, a former Judge and Labour's Deputy Leader, prophesied that it would be found unconstitutional. They concentrated their attack on the proviso, flouting the hallowed principle of British justice, that individual Civil Servants and Union officials declared Communists by the Government would have to prove their innocence before they

could hold on to their jobs. They ridiculed Menzies when it turned out that his first published list of well-known Communists contained several people who were not Communists at all. They ensured that the Labour Majority in the Senate refused passage to the Bill.

The Catholics, every day less under the influence of Michael Collins and the Irish rebels and more under the influence of the Spellmans, wield extensive power inside the Party. They rallied for the counter-attack. Catholic Action despatched a political mission to West Australia and won over the State Executive. The deadlock on the Federal Executive was broken. Chifley and Evatt were swept aside. Labour Senators were instructed to withdraw their opposition to the Bill. Catholic Action triumphed; the Bill was passed, and the fight continued.

Evatt K.C., appearing for the Waterside Workers, challenged the Act in the High Court. The Party Executive in the Catholic stronghold of Victoria, condemned Evatt for his action. But the High Court, which a few years earlier had prevented the Labour Party from nationalising the banks, upheld Evatt's case and declared, by a majority of six judges to one, that the anti-Communist Act was totally unconstitutional.

During the campaign Chifley, bound by Federal Executive, Triennial Conference and concern for public opinion, protested that Labour, too, wished to defeat the Communists, but by constitutional means, not by the ludicrous Menzies Act. What was the worth of a Cabinet, packed with lawyers, which had introduced this laughable, inept legislation? "Mr. Menzies says he's frustrated," said Ben. "That's a word I've only read in books about love." "You elected Mr. Menzies to deport a lot of Communists. Up to date the only man he's deported is Percy Spender," cried Mr. Calwell, referring to the transfer of the Foreign Minister downstairs to the Washington Embassy.

When you have to pay 4d. for a Sydney evening paper in order to read about the latest rise in the cost of living, Labour stood to gain as much by stressing the economic danger of inflation as the Liberals did by stressing the political danger of Communism. According to Opinion polls, the public is irritated by the Government's complete failure to withstand the pressure of world inflation and offset the monetary effects of the record rate of immigration from Britain and Europe. Tied to the Country Party, but not by love, the frustrated Liberals have been prevented from doing what little they might have been willing to do. Wool gatherers have been allowed to spend most of the fortunes they have made out of American stockpiling. Appreciation of the Australian pound has been vetoed by the Country Party on behalf of the agricultural exporters.

Irritated, but not enough. The Arbitration Court cushions more people against inflation than elsewhere by automatically boosting wages and salaries every quarter in proportion to the rise in the cost of living. People are as contented with the Jekyll of prosperity as they are discontented with the Hyde of inflation. A Conservative Government has not loosed unemployment and most people share, if unequally, in the roaring prosperity of a warm war economy.

This is obviously no time for a sharp shift Leftwards from Liberals to Labour; or from Labour to Communists. In a rich country getting richer, Communists do not gain strength. In such a country Socialists calling for the abolition of capitalism are nothing but long-haired rat-bags to people who know that if this is capitalism, and they can continue to improve their conditions within it, capitalism is fair enough. Socialists cannot by argument change Australian attitudes to a State which is regarded as the handmaid of individualism, welcome if it socialises the farmer's losses, the devil if it interferes with the individualisation of his gains. They cannot just by preaching convince citizens intent on the brassy assertion of "rights" to recognise a higher standard of duty to the community. They cannot arouse fervour for social justice when already every man is not only equal but considers himself twice as good as the next fellow. They cannot awaken people whose mental map shows Britain in the Australian Bight, and India the other side of the North Pole, to the revolutionary changes in the neighbouring continent of Asia.

What goes for Party goes for Government. In a Federal Australia, where the Constitution stops a Party from carrying out a policy if it does happen to have one, the whole present-day system is nicely contrived to prevent Governments from doing anything at all. Which may represent the triumph of democracy: nothing may be just what dinkum Aussies want their politicians to do.

Perth, May. MICHAEL YOUNG

So They Say . . .

"MR. SHINWELL . . . was suddenly struck by a storm . . . out of the blue without warning," reported the *Manchester Guardian* last week, under the heading: TORIES' CLAMOUR OVER EXPORTS TO CHINA. And ever since the Government has been buffeted by an almost unrelieved blizzard of editorial criticism. The *Daily Telegraph* set the tone on May 3: "The fact remains that we have been giving economic help to the Communists, while they have been killing our soldiers . . . maintaining *de jure* recognition of the aggressor . . . is an offence to our allies and an outrage to our troops."

MACA HITS AT HONGKONG—'SUPPLIES POUR INTO RED CHINA' was the *Daily Express* lead on May 4. U.S. CONTROLS CHINA TRADE—ATTLEE'S ADMISSION TO MPS, countered the *Daily Worker*. "No one wants to brawl with the Government on Festival Day," began the *Daily Mail* disingenuously, "but we must really condemn their lamentable behaviour over the export of war-making materials to China." On May 5 *The Times*, however, produced the first support for the Government's policy: "Economic sanctions or blockade would be the first step towards the general war which it is still the policy of the United Nations to avoid . . ."

On Sunday, nevertheless, the heat was turned on again. WHAT ARE YOU UP TO, MR. ATTLEE? demanded the editor of the *Sunday Express*. "We . . . are still sending into China raw materials . . . to equip her troops against whom we are fighting . . . Does what the Merchants of Death did for profit become right and proper when the Socialists do it for the export figures?" STOP MAKING PROFITS OUT OF THE KOREAN WAR, echoed Lord Vansittart in the *News of the World*. The *Sunday Dispatch*, however, argued on a rather less righteous plane that "this bitterest blow to Anglo-American friendship" might lead to a "reduction of our allocation of raw materials, followed by the unemployment for which Mr. Bevan appears to be waiting."

Monday found the *Daily Telegraph* convinced that Britain's "apparent reluctance to refrain from trading with the enemy" might be attributed to "imbecility rather than duplicity," but was still "indefensible." The *Manchester Guardian*, however, headed its main story MACARTHUR CHARGES 'QUITE WRONG'—REPLIES FROM HONGKONG, and the *Star* reported that "Mr. Attlee has no intention of going back on Mr. Bevin's policy of offering friendship to the new Chinese Government."

Sir Hartley Shawcross's statement to the House on Monday prompted a Tory call for a debate on Thursday—and an acrimonious discussion in Tuesday's papers. "[His] hint that the British attitude is under revision is welcome," said the *Daily Telegraph*. "It may be hoped that our attitude will approach more nearly to that of Canada and the United States, which have already applied this policy [of full economic sanctions]." SEND NO MORE TO CHINA was the *Daily Graphic's* leader headline. WHILE SOLDIERS DIE, wrote the *Daily Express*; it continued that "only the most assiduous Peking Passenger can fail to be disturbed by the news that China is still receiving British rubber."

Some caution had, however, begun to creep in. The *Daily Mail* considered that Shawcross's "clear, detailed, and to the point" statement had made some of MacArthur's wilder charges "look silly." "If a complete embargo is accepted at Lake Success, with all this implies," suggested the *News Chronicle*, "the world may rest assured that Britain will do everything in her power to make it work."

But it was *The Times* which again put the Government's case most succinctly: "[This disagreement] reflects the different policies of the British and United States Governments . . . The British Government . . . still hopes to persuade the Chinese Communist Government to accept a negotiated settlement . . . The United States Government . . . seems to regard [China] as already at war." And from the *Manchester Guardian*, at the end of a long editorial on Korea, came this hint of growing *Weltschmetz*: "What will the summer bring? Many soldiers . . . must be wondering what their war will achieve . . . Soon there will not be many Koreans left to be free and democratic. . . ." AUTOLYCUS

Hal An Tow

PUNCTUALLY at noon, the town band, which alone knows "how to do it proper," had gathered outside the Guildhall in a little flurry of snow: the Gentry's dance was due to begin. And there they were, some fifty couples garbed, not in the antique costumes which the Australian tourists near me had fondly expected, but in firmly class-conscious modern finery—the men, silk-hatted, in morning dress by Moss Bros., the women braving the gusts of icy wind in floppy hats and billowing frocks which might have been designed for one of the "all and sundry" garden parties at Buckingham Palace. Across the street they danced sedately, into the radio shop and out again, up the hill and down the turning, through the houses of butcher, baker, and candle-stick maker—not gate-crashing, as in old days, but by politely pre-arranged invitation, be it understood. The sun came out on the packed streets, where every granite doorway wore its greenery; the band played tirelessly, *tempo moderato*; it was all so absurdly decorous that one reflected how Helston must have changed since Wesley preached against the license and lechery of Furry Day in this turbulent town which got its first charter, appropriately enough, from that fiery particle, Richard so-called Curlyon. Surely gallant Bob Fitzsimmons' generation—a blue plaque marks the great boxer's birth-place a few steps from the Guildhall—would have put more punch into it.

Time was when Helston kept Furry Day with

strictness as of a fast: anyone found at work was set astride a pole, carried to the river and ducked. Those were the days when Leland wrote of Helston that it "stondith on a hill . . . having a mair and privileges, and coinage twis a yere for tynne blokkes." There is still a "mair," but the privileges have gone the way of the town's Members of Parliament and the derelict mines on the Earl of Godolphin's hill. And no one is now ducked for working on May 8. On the contrary, the shops are open and thronged; fish-frying vans, their chimneys smoking, add to the press of traffic; long queues form outside the cafés; and the Blue Anchor, where one gets—or got perhaps?—the best beer in England, will be drunk dry long before the lights are dimmed on the assembly of swings and roundabouts down by the river. In this year of Mr. Barry's Festival, there is apt to be a flavour of commercial profit in any remembrancing of Old England.

Yet, though most of Furry Day has become self-consciously serio-comic, and even the forenoon dance of the white-flannelled schoolchildren has the air of a half-hearted exercise, something may still be recaptured by those who rise early in the morning. After the Servants' dance, which must supposedly end before the Gentry want to breakfast, there comes the old pagan ceremonial of the Hal An Tow—words whose meaning is now lost. Once the whole town would *fadé* out into the woods and return with branches of sycamore and lilies of the valley "for to fetch the Summer home, the Summer and the May, O!"—no mean feat in this disastrous Spring. To-day the ritual was performed vicariously by a mob of cheerful, green-clad little boys led by St. George (very tall) in surcoat and polished fireman's helmet, and a (very short) St. Michael, silvery, with the aid of safety pins, from top to toe.

> Robin Hood and Little John,
> They are both gone to Fair, O!

Little John was missing on this occasion, but Robin Hood and Friar Tuck were enjoying themselves hugely, and the "men in green" sang with a will, however little they comprehended the words.

> Where are those Spaniards,
> That make so great a boast, O!
> O they shall eat the gray goose feather,
> And we will eat the roast, O!

Little enough goose, I fear, relieved fish and chips in Helston this day. But shivering in the early light among the crowd of happy, excited children down by the mill stream, one could forget for a moment the distant Cold War and even the abominable activities of the nearby air force. The Hal An Tow air has a haunting, Brittenesque cadence; and as the clarionets twined with the young voices it was easy to think oneself back to a world less diseased, when time was young and men knew "the apple tree, the singing and the gold." But I wish they would not cut from the song the endearing last verse.

> God bless Aunt Mary Moses,
> With all her pow'r and might, O!
> And send us peace in Merry England
> Both day and night, O!

I was told that "foreigners might be offended": they would not appreciate that "Aunt" was, in Cornwall, a title of high respect which could be applied without irreverence to the B.V. ("Moses" eludes me, unless it be a corruption of "Merciful"). Surely we foreigners have not become so queasy in our speech. I had sooner suppose that someone thought it blasphemy or too near the Stockholm Line to make little Robin Hood and his playmates pray for peace with those jet-planes howling hideously overhead through the pale, unsentient sky.

Helston, May 8. AYLMER VALLANCE

SOUTH BANK ARCHITECTURE

THE architecture of the South Bank Exhibition is, it seems to me, so good, so witty, so full of invention, so oddly and amusingly grouped, such a sheer pleasure to look at, that among the exhibitions of this century, whatever its story and whatever things common or uncommon it exhibits, South Bank is an out-and-out winner.

Its excellence must issue from decisions made long ago, at the very beginning of the business. Speaking without inside knowledge, I should guess that two vital original decisions were these. First, to commit the architecture exclusively to a group of young architects of the same stylistic persuasion, the nonsense of any one of whom would suit the nonsense of the rest. Second, to have nothing whatever to do with axial planning. Both decisions were bold: the first because it admitted a dangerous amount of immaturity (in these days no architect under 45 can possibly have had a chance to spread his wings), the second because the by-accident-on-purpose kind of planning, which is all very well in laying out a village centre, runs appalling risks when it is an affair of making a vivid impression in the heart of a notoriously chaotic capital. The success of the second decision depended on that of the first; that of the first largely on leadership of a peculiarly subtle kind. This, happily for the credit of the whole enterprise, was discovered in the pencil and the personality of Hugh Casson.

If I had to compress into three words what I feel about South Bank, I should say, simply: it has style. This implies a number of things. It implies, first, coherence. This has been achieved in several ways, some of which will not be very generally noticed. For instance, the levels. Somebody has had his eye on these. Take a stand in the main vista between the Dome of Discovery and the Transport Pavilion. On your left is the stereobate of the Dome. Note how this meets the kerb of the fountain, how the kerb of the fountain dies into the steps of the Regatta Restaurant, and how the back wall of the fountain ties up with the Sea and Ships Pavilion. Care, and a good deal of money, have gone into this counterpointing of the first few feet above ground level. It was worth it all. It may not be—indeed, should not be—noticeable, but its psychological effect is immediate. Almost wherever you go in the exhibition you will find that where there is a change of level somebody has done something about it, with the result that the eye swims happily along from one architectural adventure to the next.

That is one contribution to style. Another is a common consent about colour. Some colour schemes are strong, some a bit pansy, but all are within the same radius of taste. One remembers sky-blues, slate-blues and slate-greys, scarlet used with delicate economy, lemon yellows, terra-cottas. Not too much green. The architects seem to have learnt eloquence in this matter from the abstract painters. And the old bits immovable from the site—railway arches, decayed walls—have been painted into the picture so that, as in an old well-cared-for village, nothing is quite graceless.

The buildings, too, have style, happily, rather than styles. If you are looking for clichés there are plenty, but they are neither very new, very old, nor very damnable, and in any case this idiot word is apt to take too much upon itself. If to betray twice a liking for some formal gambit which half a dozen other people have borrowed from somebody else is to perpetrate a cliché, who, except Michelangelo, should 'scape whipping? The grid, the segmental roof, the one-way-sloping roof, the out-falling pier, these may or may not be here for solid reasons of function and structure; the fact is, architects like them, and it is better to use forms one likes than forms one does not. All buildings are indebted to some other buildings. The charming "Lion and Unicorn" Pavilion (by R. Y. Goodden and R. D. Russell) reminds me of the Swiss Pavilion at Paris 1937, but is none the worse for that. It has a memorable interior—eyelets in a yellow wall and a second floor which is a floating gallery. Then the "Country" Pavilion (Bitan O'Rorke) has a faintly Japanese air, perhaps only because the whole thing is based on long, narrow shapes bound into firm rectangles—a most accomplished design, this. "Power and Production" (G. Grenfell Baines and H. J. Reifenberg) and "Transport" (Arcon) both take the components of industrial architecture and make a decorative thing out of them. "Transport" has some very odd experiments in the way of balustrading. Basil Spence's "Sea and Ships" is a gantry affair most ingeniously inwoven with its necessarily bulky exhibits.

Then there is the famous Dome of Discovery. Here, Ralph Tubbs had the difficult task of showing off a piece of engineering which is actually more spectacular on paper than in the solid. A saucer dome nearly four times as big as that of Santa Sophia is not necessarily four times as impressive and, in fact, as you enter, might just as well be a flat girder roof. However, Tubbs boldly set himself a private architectural problem, independent of the engineering, by giving the dome and its sub-structure different centres. He has worked his way out of this with remarkable dexterity, making a real spectacle out of what might easily have been a heavy flop. The dome stands on a tremendous platform—I called it a stereobate just now, because the classical word seemed relevant—and I have never seen a modern sculpture more splendidly placed than Barbara Hepworth's group on this monumental basis.

The Skylon I pass over as a silly toy, a pretty toy and a dangerous one, whose merciless descending point is luckily just out of reach. The slick, decorative Regatta Restaurant (Misha Black and Alexander Gibson) makes great play with its flights of steps and reminds me to say that stairs, steps, ramps and overhead ways are brilliantly handled throughout the exhibition—most daringly, perhaps, in "New Schools" (Maxwell Fry and Jane Drew), a pavilion which forms part of the Waterloo Bridge entrance to the site. Wells

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Coates' "Television" and his Telecinema are both excellent—probably, indeed, the most mature and finished architecture on the site and the only architecture which surrenders nothing to decorative facility. These form two elements in a wonderfully pretty group, planned like an old village, with a green along which are ranged the dainty porticos and courts of "Homes and Gardens" (Bronek Katz and Reginald Vaughan).

Just here, between "Homes and Gardens" and the "Lion and the Unicorn," we are in the shadow of the Festival Hall—or would be if the sun shone from the north. It is not strictly fair to include this building in an article on South Bank architecture as a whole, but it has got to be done. Leaving out the hotly debated question of acoustics, what are we to make of this, the building we shall be left with when all the glitter and fun have been swept away—the building by which 1951 will be remembered? Briefly, I think the case is this. The Festival Hall started with an admirable idea—the armoured auditorium suspended in a cage of attendant spaces. The idea was developed with any amount of resource, but at some point or other went dead and, at the last, failed to clinch. Why this happened one can only guess; but it is possible for a team to try too hard and to extinguish invention by straining, against time, for a result. A painter can turn his canvas to the wall and leave it for a year. An architect's life is not arranged like that. And so one must reluctantly confess a certain degree of disappointment. There is, let us gratefully admit, a sense of quality about the whole building, different from anything to which we are accustomed. The planning of the foyer space under the hall is exceedingly fine, even if it has just failed to conquer the inevitability (inherent in the basic idea) of a low ceiling. The auditorium itself is *nearly* magnificent; but the noble rake of the stalls and the swing of the ceiling just do not, between them, produce the spatial magic they should—and which, I freely confess, I thought in the drawings, they would. As for the exterior, the clarity and energy of the flanks fail to turn the Thames-side corner and the river-front hesitates on the brink of monumentality. In the slightly uncomfortable relationship between the river-front and its two neighbours the sense of the third dimension—the very essence of the whole conception—is lost.

I know very well I expected too much of this building and am now, probably in self-revenge, being too hard on it. Robert Matthew and J. L. Martin, the leading architects, and their team have, after all, given us a pretty remarkable work—the first really important manifestation of modern architecture in Britain. It poses many problems—problems evaded by Festival pavilions—and solves most of them; and after twelve dreary years of no architecture, to say nothing of a century of complete chaos before that, it is a miracle to have produced a building which one would not dream of criticising on a lower plane than, say, Garnier's Paris Opera House.

JOHN SUMMERSON

The Arts and Entertainment

MISSING A DIMENSION

CHEKHOV is, among dramatists, one who depends upon the producer—the old actor-managerial tactics wouldn't have made much of him. In the first place the atmosphere must be right: for, just as Nature is sometimes said to be the chief character in Hardy's novels, so atmosphere might be said to be the chief character in a Chekhov play. And only the overlooking eye of the producer can see when the atmosphere is not there and do what can be done to get it in. Then again there is Chekhov's particular extension of the realist formula: the separate groups, each simultaneously going on with their own line of thought or discussion, irrespective of the others. These have to be integrated, to be brought in as a conductor brings in now his woodwind, now his strings, and the timing must be very exact if the effect is not to be patchy. Above all, the actors have to be persistently reminded of an essential difference between Chekhov and playwrights whose works they more commonly perform: namely that he does not put his characters into separate categories, the good or the bad, the funny or the serious; all are a mixture of funny and serious, of good and bad.

Mr. Peter Ashmore, the producer of a brilliant cast in the revival of *Three Sisters* at the Aldwych, has, one must regretfully record, failed on all these points. There are some beautifully acted little scenes and sensitively directed performances. But that is just the danger with Chekhov, that a play of his will break down into separate scenes and not hang together as a whole; and when this happens as it does at the Aldwych, the result can be frankly tedious. One perfectly understands why the early performances of Chekhov were a total failure, before producers and actors got the trick of unifying the whole. It is a trick which, generally speaking, English productions can now be counted on to bring off, so much so that we simply accept it as being quite straightforward. That it is not so this production comes in good time to remind us.

Of course Mr. Ashmore has special difficulties to contend with (what producer has not?). High among them I would place the very wide stage at the Aldwych, wide, it seems, without much depth. Very difficult, I dare say, to bind into a whole a stage picture that is so elongated, so flattened out, where Masha and Vershinin seem to be signalling to each other from different ends of a gallery, instead of a drawing-room. I think the designer might have been more helpful here. As he might, too, in the matter of atmosphere. Chekhov was an Impressionist, by date as well as method; too literal a setting simply destroys the illusion. As, for instance, when the young baron in the last act, points into the wood and says: "See, that tree is dead, but it waves in the wind with the others," and we become immediately conscious of the *absence* of bending trees, of the presence, indeed, of great, solid, literal *un*bending trees. And aren't the sisters too grand? Too grand in their house, too grand in their clothes? Another obstacle lies in the adaptation. But there Mr. Ashmore can hardly blame anyone but himself—for he had a hand in it. It is, to judge from one hearing, Constance Garnett a little modernised. Yet, to take one point, if you are going to modernise then surely it is best to use contractions—"He's," "I'm," "Let's," "We're," etcetera. Actors consistently become stumbling or stilted at the emphatic auxiliary verbs.

But the play is primarily the people and what is it that has gone wrong here? Why is it that we hardly ever smile at them? Why is it that we never *care*? The questions and their answers are linked. The constant component in all the different feelings that Chekhov's characters evoke in us should be compassion. Our laughter at them is indulgent, our tears for them of pity, our judgment over them suspended. They stumble through their human antics so seriously and yet so absurdly, and the seriousness and the absurdity are one and the same thing. But the producer here seems to have missed this point; he seems almost to have allotted the characters into groups—the serious and the funny; the three sisters in the first category, they are serious to the point of solemnity; the schoolmaster and the officers are funny; the visiting Colonel, Vershinin, somewhere in between. But of course we should be smiling at the over-seriousness of all the sisters just as there are times when we should be touched by the schoolmaster. Too many of the characters here are single- when they should be double-faced. This is in fact not tragedy but tragi-comedy, a kind of comedy that mixes smiles and sighs. Missing here is just this double dimension.

Mr. Robert Beaumont as the young baron came as near as anyone to achieving the double face, and this in spite of a make-up which proclaimed him funny. We felt for him in both kinds. He only missed a little in the last scene when he is going out to his duel and concealing it from his Irina. Miss Renee Asherson as Irina was touching in her party dress in the first act, but the fatal intensity overtook her in the other three. Miss Margaret Leighton, as Masha, was quite excellent in her last scene, and indeed made the best impression of the three sisters throughout. One felt something about her at least, even if she, too, was never allowed to give the full range. Miss Celia Johnson made curiously little effect. Miss Diana Churchill, as the usurping wife, has the character that is the least mixed, and she brought it off very effectively. So, too, Mr. Harcourt Williams, as the drunken doctor. And Sir Ralph Richardson? Even he, it seemed, was oddly at sea—all over the place. Partly it is, I think, that he has developed almost to a point of schizophrenia his tricks of voice, which, by now, bear simply no relation to the words he is saying. Whenever he is not speaking, when interjecting a smile or a grunt, or just acting, he is as masterly as he used to be. Watch, for instance, that little scene in the first act where the enthusiastic sisters show off to him their brother's fretwork. And then, too, he plays the parting from Masha excellently, bringing out his customary optimistic speech about the future with just the right note. He should sound at this point, Sir Desmond MacCarthy has said, like a gramophone record; Sir Ralph adds an additional twist, he is like a gramophone record when the machine begins to need rewinding.

But how much he has lost before we get there! How much everyone has lost before this last closing scene where, for a few moments, the play does at last catch light. This itself is revealing. An actual parting, a fatal duel, these concrete events cause the play to light up. But all the impalpable inside events that lead up to them, and which are the stuff of Chekhovian drama, fail. That itself shows that the production is wrongly aimed. "Drama takes place inside a man," Chekhov himself said about his *Uncle Vanya*, "and not in extreme manifestations. . . . Shooting is not drama: it is an accident."

T. C. WORSLEY

THE FESTIVAL AND THE HALL

SINCE concert halls grew too large to resemble rooms they have taken to resembling Roman arenas or aeroplane hangars. Hence, no doubt, our perpetual worry about acoustics, from which the unscientific past was comparatively immune. Arenas are for spectacle, hangars for storage; neither physically nor psychologically are they suited to any but the most Gargantuan sort of music. What condemns us to these monster auditoriums is not the size of the orchestral forces (that passed its peak some forty years ago), but crude economic necessity: nothing less than an audience of 3000 will settle the modern bill.

Arenas having been discredited by the awful example of the Albert Hall, we are now in the hangar period. Behind its façade of an enlarged wireless set, the interior of the Royal Festival Hall is a plain wooden hangar, into which a score or more of black and white boxes have burst dramatically from either side, to remain frozen in space at a peculiar angle, like disused dodgems. As concert-goers will probably have to contemplate those queer boxes for the rest of their lives, they might as well learn to like them; I have been practising this myself during the past week, and can report some modest progress. On the other hand, I find it more and more difficult to feel charitable about the shortage of space for one's knees, which are forced to splay out at a wide angle or else to be crushed against the hard back of the seat in front. If Messrs. Matthew and Martin, the architects, are fairly tall fellows, it would do them good (I vindictively feel) to spend a night per week in their penitential stalls.

MACHINE-SHOP

THE machine-shops of the world are busy night and day. Behind them lies the work of the chemist. No engineering works can run without oil. It is the chemist who tirelessly seeks improvements both in methods of oil production and the provision of lubricating and cutting oils of greater efficiency and economy. The use of oil at one stage entails its removal at a later one, and one of the British chemist's outstanding contributions to engineering lies in the development of new methods for removing oil and grease. No longer is it necessary to strip the grease from engine or metal parts by hand-labour, with all the dirt and delay this involves. Instead they can be "degreased" in a few minutes, even seconds, by the trichlorethylene process. Nor is the chemical industry content merely to produce trichlorethylene and its allied solvents: it has designed and made available special "degreasing" apparatus. British chemical research has led to developments in the heat treatment of metals, an example being the casehardening of steel which can now be performed simply and efficiently by means of baths of molten cyanide. It has also devised an easy method of carrying out the annealing of metal strip and wire by what is known as "bright annealing", so that the descaling of the metal by separate processes is avoided. Finally, it has made available a multitude of finishes, such as electro-plating and rust-proofing, which are essentials to modern engineering practice. The relationship between the chemist and the engineer is a happy one. The chemist contributes to improvements in the machine-shop. The engineer responds by helping the chemical industry to solve its problems and thereby to advance the value of the service it gives to Industry as a whole.

ICI

The great musical virtue of the hall is its clarity. Passages which we have long known as a glorified muddle, such as the torrential double fugue in the last movement of the Choral Symphony, come through with exhilarating precision. For good or for evil, everything now sounds; everything shows. On the rare occasions when something is lost or obscured, the conductor must bear the blame: such a moment occurred in the last movement of the E minor Symphony of Vaughan Williams, when the entry of the theme at half pace on harp harmonics did not tell against the shimmering play of the strings. In general, Sir Malcolm Sargent failed to capture the disembodied poetry of this strange movement; he played it a little too fast, and did not attempt the true pianissimo which the hall could well have supported. He succeeded best where energy and brilliance, rather than subtler musical qualities, were in demand; and in this it may be said that his style matches the acoustics of the hall in their present condition. For it seems to me, on the evidence of these opening concerts, that too high a price has been paid for clarity, and that a still greater degree of reverberation would be desirable. I say "a still greater degree" because, as a result of preliminary tests, the reverberation period has been already twice extended.

It is not that there is any lack of impact at, say, a brass and percussion fortissimo. But the listener never feels *submerged*, as he ought to feel submerged, beneath the great waves of a sostenuto climax for full orchestra. And in softer and smoother passages of romantic orchestration the bloom fades too quickly from the tone, rather as though the orchestra were a piano without a sustaining pedal (to quote Sibelius's famous remark about Liszt's orchestration). This defect was particularly noticeable in the G major oboe melody in Strauss's *Don Juan*, where the accompaniment for divided strings lacked much of its swaying, hazy magic. I was reminded of a famous German singer, who remarked of a certain critic that, though very brilliant, he "took away the *heilige Schein* from music." That is just what is wrong with the Festival Hall in its present state; though clean as a whistle and immensely exhilarating, it strips from music that mysterious luminous halo of sound without which the heights cannot be scaled nor the depths plumbed.

This, of course, is no more than an interim report. Many changes will doubtless be made before the final equilibrium is reached, and in the meantime I, for one, should like to hear, in this brave new hall, a superior orchestra such as the R.P.O. under Beecham, or the Vienna Philharmonic under Bruno Walter or Furtwängler.

* * *

The Festival is splaying out in all directions, and some of the smaller events promise to be among the most enjoyable: expecially the Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday series devoted respectively to English Song, Purcell and Other English Composers. The first of the English song recitals found Peter Pears and Benjamin Britten at the top of their form in an exceedingly attractive programme; they began with Lutenist songs and included that setting of Francis Quarles's *Canticle* which is the most meltingly beautiful of Britten's recent works. A new song cycle by Michael Tippett, to poems by Alun Lewis and Sidney Keyes, has a virtuoso accompaniment which would daunt most pianists with its perpetual flow of toccata figuration, and a scarcely less difficult voice part full of strange melismata rather like those affected by Beckmesser. The sheer complexity and elaboration sometimes end by destroying the impulse and unity which are proper to a song; but the music has fine ideas and great imaginative intensity, and the last two songs made a clear and vivid impression, even at a first hearing.

Covent Garden has begun two cycles of *The Ring* with a performance of *Das Rheingold* altogether superior to the general level of Bow Street Wagner as we have known it since the war. Hans Hotter has recovered his voice as Wotan, Karl Rankl has regained his calm and authority at the conductor's desk, there is a striking new Fafner in Gottlob Frick, and in Otakar Kraus an Alberich who will soon be very good indeed and is already a vast improvement on his predecessor.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

HENRY MOORE IN RETROSPECT

A FULL-SCALE exhibition damages the reputation of all but the sturdiest modern artist. Recent exhibitions devoted to Wadsworth and Paul Nash were spoilt by some obscure compulsion to show ten variations on a similar theme where three would have sufficed. The great merit of the Henry Moore retrospective show at the Tate is the emptiness of the rooms where the exhibits recline. Moore himself has always insisted on generous space and light, and a landscape background for his sculpture: the rooms set aside for him at the Tate admirably fulfil the first two conditions. The drawings, far from clashing with the sculpture, enhance it; the different periods of Moore's work are separated from one another by screens, and the arrangement of the exhibits is roughly but not dogmatically chronological.

I doubt very much whether rigid chronological divisions would have been desirable or even possible. In the first place, Moore takes years to develop an idea. Sometimes one can discover the embryo of a recent stone group in a forgotten scribble, dating from years back, the significance of which at the time eluded not the critic only, but the artist himself. One can imagine Moore exploring his old sketch-books as well as the seashore for new devices. In the second place, Moore's respect for his material is so reverent, his determination to confine himself to an autonomous world of stone, wood or metal, separate from the world of flesh and blood, so dogged, that technique may cut across style. Two metal statuettes of different periods may have more in common, and look better side by side, than a metal and a terracotta statuette of the same period. This was the sensible principle on which the illustrations for the standard book on Moore were arranged.

In the third place, the most unexpected impression that the exhibition leaves on the visitor, in spite of the divisions into screens and "periods," is of the homogeneity of Moore's work since 1922, the date of the first exhibit. Of course, he has had to pass, since the casting of that first little bronze horse, through a number of radical stylistic revolutions, in company with other excellent artists of his own and of a slightly older generation, seeming to renounce his own past, exploring in turn many variations on shapes between abstraction and realism and back again. But the gulf that divides his realistic from his abstract work is never wide, and sometimes is not at once discernible. It is possible to move from a near-naturalistic *Mother and Child* group to a near-abstract *Bread Basket* without being aware of a change in Moore's attitude to nature. Life pulsates as much in the one as in the other, and it is this pulsation that is most remarkable, not the shift from a familiar to an unfamiliar image. It would not be quite true to maintain that the proximity of the resemblance of his forms to known forms is entirely irrelevant to the quality of his art, since at times his most naturalistic drawings seem to suffer in comparison with some near-abstract drawings where the meaning remains obscure, for the very fact that the vitality of the former as drawings is confused, and hence weakened, by the intense drama of the scenes portrayed. As a rule, however, the same taut energy enlivens his forms derived primarily from nature as his forms derived primarily from his imagination, so that the energy itself becomes the theme of the work, rather than any specific object in nature that inspired it, like a woman or a pebble. The work of sculpture is allowed to lead an independent existence apart from the object it represents, blessed with its own life, abiding by its own formal laws; and on the capacity of each work to communicate its own *inherent* liveliness, not on its power in any way to reflect the liveliness of nature, must depend our judgment of its success or failure.

This does not mean to say that Moore has ever been free to abandon natural appearances altogether. On the contrary, he is the kind of artist who must constantly replenish his stock of images by drawing on the resources of nature. It is only by this constant swing backwards and forwards between reality and imagination that the energy can continue to be generated. I should say that his need to steep himself in the contemplation of intimate human relationships—the father-mother-child motif—may well be a means of gathering strength for a departure into a new imagined world, as well as a means of expressing in stone more familiar emotions. The impression that some critics have derived from his recent work, that Moore is now drawing closer to nature, and intends to remain there, is probably misguided. It is much more likely that he will continue to fluctuate between known and imagined shapes, picking up ideas from the one, for use in the other, as he proceeds.

BENEDICT NICOLSON

TELEVISION NOTES

ONE of the most fascinating as well as more endless of discussions can be developed on the subject of the suitability of Shakespeare's plays for production in film or on television. If Shakespeare had written for the modern picture stage, with its proscenium arch neatly dividing the audience from the actors, the problems involved would be much more simple. He was, however, writing for a kind of theatre where frequent changes of scenic location could be indicated by a few quick words, and where it was right and proper for the actor to mingle with the audience, although still on a raised platform, and share his secrets with them in soliloquy and aside. This makes Shakespeare's plays a constant source of temptation to the film-makers, who consider him to be a heaven-sent "natural" as a scenario writer. But in loading him with impressive decor and other visual paraphernalia the film-maker too often dulls the audience's ears by overfeeding their eyes. The huge close-ups invite you to watch rather than listen to the actor; the panoramic sweeps of the great sets emphasise the pageantry rather than the poetry of Shakespeare.

Television is, I think, a good medium for a fairly wide range of Shakespeare's various kinds of dramatic writing. Whereas the deft, quick, concentrated phrasing of his poetry is lost when the head or body of an actor is seen in the enormous physical intimacy of the cinema, on the television screen the close-up is at present less visually dominant (except in the big-screen television to be seen at present in the South Bank Telecinema), while the sets are not yet in a strong enough position to steal your attention from the lines. On the other hand, the sheer domesticity of television takes away the feeling of a great public occasion which is always part of the theatrical atmosphere when a distinguished production of Shakespeare is in progress before a packed house.

Henry V (which Royston Morley produced last month) is an interesting test for Shakespeare on television. When the producer and his actors can successfully reduce the theatrical *scale* of Shakespearian prose or poetry without loss to its dramatic power then the scenes become effective. Marius Goring's direct address to us in close-up in the part of the Chorus registered at once; so did the lovely wooing scene between Henry and Princess Katherine. John Glyn Jones made Fluellen sympathetic as well as amusing, a beautifully timed performance of a part Shakespeare might well have written directly for television's special kind of theatrical intimacy. But in the scenes where the scale of the verse required a larger air than can be suggested by "this little screen" it is difficult not to lose interest and long for the patterned groupings and the pictorial

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expanse of a large stage (whether Elizabethan or modern does not matter so long as we can sit far enough away for the actors to match their lungs to the rhetoric of their speeches). This was particularly noticeable in the first scene at the French Court, which was played on far too rhetorical a scale, and Clement McCallin, as Henry, was more effective in, for example, his handling of the scene of the discovery of the plot against him in Act II, Scene ii, in the later interchanges with Mountjoy or in the dialogue with the soldiers in the English camp at night, than he was in the clarion call of "Once more into the breach," which was obviously written by Shakespeare to fill the "wooden O." Altogether, Royston Morley gave us a most interesting evening.

I enjoyed the greater part of the Michael Howard show on April 25. The difficulties of creating comedy when you are cut off from the laughter which is at once the immediate climax and the reward of your work almost needs to be experienced to be realised. That is why the slightest over-pressure of humour on television makes it at once unfunny; the comedian appears to be asking you to laugh, please. Terry Thomas and Michael Howard are most successful when they let the humour of a joke or of some funny visual situation steal on you unforced. I thought the show on April 25 was moving on the right lines towards achieving this extremely difficult form of television art.

Television came into its own, as always, with its handling of the ceremonies of the opening of the Festival—the service at St. Paul's on May 3 (reproduced by telefilm at night for the benefit of those who could not view it direct during the morning) and the service followed by the concert in the Royal Festival Hall the same evening. Here the binding force of television is at its strongest, linking the increasing number of people who can view such programmes as these into a single intimate whole simultaneously sharing the same national experience to the accompaniment of the familiar, friendly voices of commentators like Wynford Vaughan Thomas and Richard Dimbleby.

ROGER MANVELL

THE MOVIES

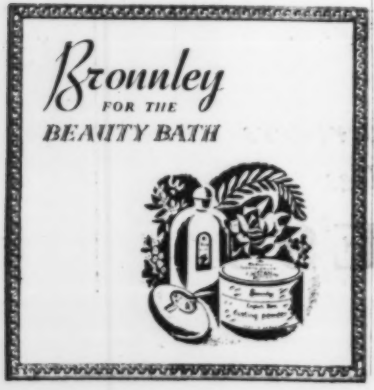
Festival Films, at the Telecinema
"The Mill on the River," at the Cameo-Polytechnic

Those who make their way into the Telecinema at South Bank—and how easy or difficult that may be I've no notion—will find not only a comfortable seat, but antics that would grace any exhibition. There is, as you sit waiting, the ricochetting of music in depth. Little holes round the screen and along the auditorium provide innumerable vents for sound, and over these lively airs play a rapid come-and-go so that the notes themselves seem to skip, volley and recede. This delight of stereophony (as it's called) will tickle us through the films themselves. We put on dark spectacles. Two cartoons by Norman McLaren explore the recessions of starry space, or dangle along an avenue a jumping worm that in the end will contort itself, somewhat fascinatingly, over the lady's hat three rows ahead of us. The same effect will be repeated with a compère suddenly stretching an extensor hand into our midst, a giraffe making fuller use of his neck than in life. The perfection of this little conjuring trick is reached with a tank of tropical fish swimming over the bemused heads of the audience. What more could South Bank offer us? We go to be mildly amazed; mildly amazed we are. There are no livid green and red edgings to spoil the illusion, and black-and-white accepts the process as readily as Technicolor. Images hop out of the screen, while the saxes ripple over the walls. There's your money's worth, for the Telecinema season.

Beyond this, there is the teasing speculation of what stereoscopy, building up its realism within the screen, can proffer or threaten for the future. Travelogue, with a *trompe l'oeil* interest and little other, seems the answer: the Thames trip about Windsor goes back forty years to a time when cameras used to snap up views from the front of railway engines, except that now we creep where then we raced. Unmitigated boredom would seem to be the prospect for cinema in general, if the thing spreads; but there's nothing in the Festival exhibit (diverting enough in itself) to suggest that it will. The programme is completed with a quite serious and wholly admirable documentary from the flat era: *David*, the portrait of a South Wales village on the fringe of the mining district. This landscape with figures, and one figure in particular—that of an old school caretaker who has worked in the mine, seen it go, fathered whole generations of schoolboys, and written a traditional ode to his own dead son—has the true depth of character and beauty. Its director is Paul Dickson, whose talent has matured considerably since *The Undefeated*: it has shed the unimpeachable, sponsored look that is a major defect of British documentary.

The Mill on the River, directed by Alberto Lattuada and dealing with the struggle of Italian peasants against Government taxes, oppressive landlords, machinery, and the ruthlessness of the Union, may suffer a little from the muddle of its theme, but it impresses itself largely and rises to a climax of pure tragedy. Its last twenty minutes achieve a power such as films, in these un-epic days, very seldom realise: the appearance in the arcade of the crazed miller lurching forward and hammering on the door has more than a little of Othello's stature. If good films are remembered for the heights they encompass (as are the bad ones for their abysmal lapses) here is a peak in post-war filming.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT



Correspondence

SOUTH BANK

SIR,—May an antiquated traditionalist architect, survivor of a good many past exhibitions, felicitate "Critic" on his acute assessment of the South Bank Festival display?

Certainly this sudden blaze of splendour and gaiety does not in the least represent Britain or the British as they now are—of course not—*but*, in the name of all that's intelligent and civilised and genial, let us gratefully accept this flattering image of ourselves as though it were indeed a true reflection, and try to make it so. Have we not the warrant of Lord George Hell in Max Beerbohm's *Happy Hypocrite* for grim reality being graciously transfigured by a deceptive mask? If only enough of us are persuaded that something a little like this sparkling South Bank transformation scene could become an actual fact wherever we so willed it, well, so it would, and we could put gaiety into the hearts of all our glum and sorry towns, Leeds and Sheffield amongst them.

And how Don Marquis would have cheered over this uplifting show of ours as fulfilling his own philosophy of happiness as set forth in his book *The Almost Perfect State!*

> Levity is the result of spiritual and æsthetic poise. A person who is groping and struggling and fighting for such poise is worried and grave. All progress is towards levity through gravity. Weight then wings! But it is the wings which are the goal, not the weight. Not wings to fly solemnly with; wings to frivol with. You cannot worry them into existence. You may get them by acting as if you already have them and thinking you have them.

Which, roughly, is just about what I myself believe, even if it does sound a little like Shaw's Creative Evolution.

Anyway, may we have the spirit to follow the new road towards a happier land that our young *avant-garde* architects have shown to us, and may enough be kept of their South Bank sample to remind us of what awakened us—always.

The Athenæum. CLOUGH WILLIAMS-ELLIS

THE RESIGNATIONS

SIR,—Mr. Anthony Crosland's re-hash of the Chancellor's defence of the Budget is more skilful than the original, but no more convincing.

Let's look at his central theme, which concerns what he calls "the (allegedly) new factor of a prospective raw materials shortage." On this subject he writes: "Suppose this shortage materialises, and unemployment follows, what happens? Most of the scarce materials are used not only for arms production, but for civilian production as well. . . . We should then be able to maintain neither the arms programme nor the civilian standard of life. Faced with general unemployment, a shortage of home goods and falling tax revenue, the Chancellor would have to recast his entire Budget in order to make it stiffer. . . . On this assumption," he continues, ". . . Mr. Gaitskill should have made *fewer* concessions, and cut still further into personal incomes."

This is pure Anthony-in-Wonderland. Nobody has said we aren't going to get *any* raw materials this year. What has been said is that we shan't get enough to cover the projected rearmament programme without weakening the basis of our economy. Suppose (as is highly probable) that we get at least as much material this year as last, and suppose we allocated it between consumption and defence in the same proportions as last year, why on earth shouldn't we get the same result as last year, viz., full employment and an unprecedented increase in the national income?

The threat to full employment is not the raw material shortage alone, but the raw material shortage combined with Mr. Morrison's guarantee to the Americans that we shall load *all* that shortage on civilian consumption and none of it on armaments. The dislocation created by that disparity is already causing short-time working and threatening unemployment in a number of trades.

Mr. Crosland is getting dangerously near arguing that if you can't use materials on arms you can't use them on anything, and that the only way we can maintain full employment and budgetary prosperity is by piling up arms. If he were right, there would be no difference between our Government and a Tory Government, or between Mr. Crosland and (say) Mr. Eccles—which Heaven forbid!

Mr. Crosland's letter to you appeared on the same day as the following passage appeared in the City columns of one of the daily papers:

> The boom in industrial "blue chip" shares continues to dominate the Stock Exchange scene . . . It is hardly surprising that this should be so. Every day brings news of expanding company profits and dividend distributions.

Now I am not arguing that a post-Budget boom in the City is necessarily a proof that the Budget is a bad one from a Socialist point of view. What I *do* argue is that the present boom stems from the fact that the City gentry expected the Chancellor's progressive redistributions, especially in respect of unearned incomes, to be much larger in scale than they turned out to be. They were prepared for,

and would have borne, a much heavier burden of taxation—one heavy enough to protect the poorest people from any cut in their standards. Instead, the investor finds himself doing so well out of the rearmament programme that he misses paying for his share of it, and his share is contributed by the 65-year-olds, the chronic sick, the war pensioners, the people with defective eyes and teeth, and the children who get their dinners at school.

Mr. Crosland may find some virtues in this situation, but he oughtn't to insult our intelligence by claiming that they are *Socialist* virtues.

House of Commons. IAN MIKARDO

SIR,—"Bevanites" and "Loyalists" in the Labour Party seem to be disagreeing about consequences without getting down to causes. Neither side questions the view that we must spend vast and increasing sums on armaments for the sake of defence. Neither seriously believes that this can be done except at the expense of the British standard of living.

The only difference between them would appear to be that the "Bevanites" think we cannot afford to keep abreast with the others in the arms race and must lag behind. They also assume that it is psychologically possible to combine an all-in scrap with the Tories on home policy, while joining in their appeal to the sense of danger and the consequent need for national unity in foreign and defence policy.

So long as the controversy proceeds on those lines, Government whole-hoggers are likely to have the best of the argument. But "through starvation to slaughter" is not a political programme that appeals to the electorate, even when put forward jointly by the Labour and Tory Parties. As long as the official leadership continue to take their stand side by side with the Tories on this programme, and the "Bevanites" disagree only about how it is to be applied, the Labour vote will go on fading away and the Labour Party will be heading for a grand smash.

Mr. Bevan, who has so long been the Left in the Cabinet, is now the extreme Right of the Left in the rank-and-file of the Labour Party that are looking to him to lead them out of the valley of despair. If they are to rise to the occasion and succeed, he and his friends must follow up their social and economic objections to the Budget by producing a convincing answer to the main argument of its supporters that all this and Truman-MacArthur too is necessary for defence.

The last two elections were fought by the Labour Party on home affairs alone. I still remember my dismay when high Transport House officials lectured us Labour candidates in 1945 on the Party's political strategy and explained that, since we virtually had national unity in foreign policy, we should concentrate on home affairs. From 1945 until to-day the Coalition has continued for all practical purposes in foreign policy and defence.

"Containment of Communism" is identified with defence and is the cause of the arms race and the return to the balance of power. Whatever may be the right way of dealing with the existence and activities of Communist regimes and parties in half the world, this is the wrong way and the way that is sheer suicide and moral and intellectual prostitution for a party that calls itself Socialist.

It is a fundamentally counter-revolutionary, interventionist and aggressive policy with imperialist over-tones, as the experience of Greece, Indo-China, China and Korea, Anglo-American oil interests in the Middle East, U.S. expansion in Africa, etc., have shown.

That is the fundamental issue the Labour Left and anyone who aspires to lead it must face. To survive, let alone succeed, it must work out a foreign policy based on rejecting the "containment of Communism" and substituting a "live and let live" agreement between the Communist and non-Communist worlds as the over-riding object of British foreign policy. It must be prepared to take the risk of putting forward British proposals for a settlement on outstanding issues and for a compromise on Communism as an object of international concern. It must take the risk of going on the principle that, since foreign policy determines what we have to defend, we cannot be bound by the U.S. on defence except in so far as the U.S. comes to terms with us on foreign policy. We must have a showdown on this principle and be prepared to go to the lengths of withdrawing our forces from the Far East, getting out of the Atlantic Pact and sending the American air force home, if the U.S. will not agree with us on how to make peace.

60 Abbey Road, N.W.8. K. ZILLIACUS

SIR,—It is difficult to understand the violence of those who opposed the Bill to impose charges for false teeth and spectacles, which they described as a mean and cruel little Bill leading us back to the Poor Law and the Means Test, in view of the fact that charges for certain services, together with a means test, are already embodied in the National Health Service Act—for example in Section 29, relating to Domestic Help.

Yet the Home Help is as much a part of the National Health Service as are teeth and spectacles. She can only be obtained on a medical certificate of need, and the charge—which is left to the local health authority, and may be about 2*s.* 6*d.* an hour—may be quite considerable, where young children are entirely without their mother's care. The form which applicants for remission of the charge must complete requires a very detailed statement of income and outgoings in order that there may be recovered "such charges (if any) as the authority consider reasonable, having regard to the means" of the applicant for domestic help.

Where is the difference in principle? Can it really be maintained that help in the home of a person who is "ill, lying-in, an expectant mother or aged" is less important to the health of the nation than are false teeth or spectacles? Yet the ex-Minister of Health permitted these charges in the Act.

Or have we been throwing this word "free" about so carelessly that we have succeeded in persuading ourselves that these very costly services are financed out of the bottomless purse of a mythical Midas called "The State," and not by ourselves, most of whom are not bloated tycoons, or politicians, or idle rich, but just ordinary unknown people who day by day carry on the work of the nation, and out of our modest earnings pay for our "free" communal services. L. L'ESTRANGE MALONE

Flat 6, 36 Buckingham Gate,
London, S.W.1.

GENERAL MACARTHUR

SIR,—May I express my condolences to THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION on the loss of General MacArthur? Your months of effort to build him up as a hate-symbol in your anti-American crusade are now largely wasted—and you must be hard put, for the moment, to find (or invent) another stick to beat the United States.

Incidentally, many of your American readers would be interested to know how you would propose to settle the Korean war, if the Chinese aggressors persist in their refusal to negotiate.

55 Sterling Avenue, JOHN FISCHER
White Plains, New York.

[Reference is made to this letter in London Diary this week.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

"SHALL SOCIALISM FAIL?"

SIR,—Mr. G. D. H. Cole has defined admirably the fundamental difference in policy and method between Marxist Communism and democratic Socialism, but it is a serious weakness of the latter that it still has too much in common with the former. According to Mr. Cole, the Social-Democrat, like the Communist, aims at a "classless society" in the long run. But do they mean the same thing by this long-term objective? If they do, and if a classless society is a strictly egalitarian society, without classes and class-inequality, the Communists are right in asserting that such a society can only be attained by violent revolution and can only be preserved by a ruthless dictatorship. A society without class-conflict, without class-privilege, without snobbery and without that inverted form of snobbery, a sense of inferiority, is desirable and can be reached without violence and injustice. But a society without classes is not a genuine democratic ideal. Indeed in the last analysis a classless society may be as silly and as impossible as a sex-less or a race-less society. It will not be reached even by Marxist revolutionaries, though they are making mankind pass through hell in a vain endeavour to reach it.

Again, if Social-Democrats understand exploitation in the same sense as the Marxists, they cannot resist the pressure of the Marxist case. If interest on savings and profits on investments are really unearned incomes, made by exploiting the workers, as Mr. Cole apparently believes, then we cannot talk of "just" compensation. Some compensation may be expedient and may be humane, but it is not just. Perhaps for that reason Mr. Cole puts the word in inverted commas. But if the Marxist theory of exploitation and the associated analysis of interest and profits are at best but half true, then the Social-Democrat must think again. He does not, or he should not, measure exploitation by the Marxist yardstick. He cannot treat claims to interest and dividends as simply "claims to unearned income," since in some degree at least interest and dividends are payments for services rendered. It is foolish to urge people to

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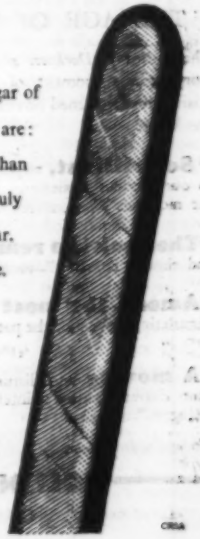

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save and to offer them 3 per cent. on their savings, if saving is no service to the community. If, however, saving is a service to the community, to pretend that the reward of such service is unearned income derived from exploitation is thoroughly dishonest. Just because the economics of Social-Democrats, as expounded by Mr. Cole himself, are vitiated by a Marxist hangover, Social-Democrats cannot build up a co-operative commonwealth which might enlist the enthusiastic service of the members of more than one class. That, I think, is the real reason why democratic Socialism is failing or, unfortunately, is in danger of failing.

HERBERT G. WOOD

52a Linden Road,
Birmingham 30.

ISRAEL AND JORDAN

SIR,—I shall be grateful for the courtesy of your columns to enable me to correct some impressions appearing in Mr. Richard Crossman's series entitled "Israel and Jordan," beginning in your issue of February 9.

I would stress that I have no quarrel with Mr. Crossman over the uncalled-for disparaging remarks about the Arabs, since that merely reflects personal inclinations. But for him to assert that "Bedouin volunteers" could be prevented from turning into "dirty Levantines" and instead be "modern soldiers" under Glubb Pasha's devotion must startle any reader who expected to be entertained with a sober account of Mr. Crossman's expensive journey to Israel and Jordan.

He has been lavish with his superlatives, probably because he believes in "a miracle come true" in Israel. Thus, he talks of "proceeds of smuggling which reached fantastic proportions" as supplying the main stream of money on which "this tiny principality" (of Transjordan) lived for many years, and overlooks the fact that this smuggling constituted a main source of wealth of Jewish merchants in former Palestine.

The "annexation of what was left of Arab Palestine" by Jordan was an incorporation into the Kingdom in response to a demand expressed by the 800,000 Palestinians residing there through their freely elected deputies. The British Government recognition of this *de facto* situation one week after its announcement must indicate a satisfaction of its genuineness. Mr. Crossman's insinuation of "grabbing" at what was left of Arab Palestine applies more to subsequent violations of the Armistice.

For instance, he admits that on the Israeli side "new lands acquired . . . are being quickly colonised with strategic settlements." Does not the establishment of border strategic settlements constitute the grabbing in clear violation of the Armistice?

Moreover, Mr. Crossman takes exception to the fact that Jordan villages which he visited were "training their young men in a national militia" which, "ostensibly is for defence against the Israel plan to capture the rest of Arab Palestine," and asserts, "the only visible effect of this military training has been to increase the freebooting raids across the frontier." This freebooting doubtlessly finds encouragement in "hungry" Israel. Contrary to his suggestion, "the livestock which are driven off almost every night of the week" are looted from Arab villages by Israeli soldiers. And while the "Robin Hood methods" ascribed to the Arabs are stated to be a "patriotic duty," Israeli raids on Arab cattle could only have predatory motives.

However, one thing is certain: in border villages where National Guards are organised, Israeli raiders are being invariably beaten back before causing serious loss of Arab life and property.

Mr. Crossman states that "the King has already been *compelled* to give a *vague* promise that the Cabinet will be responsible not to him but to Parliament." I quote from the text of the Address from the Throne on 24.4.50: "This amendment *shall* create Ministerial responsibilities before Parliament in a manner which will preserve the balance among the Legislature, the Executive and the Judicature." What is more, this promise is in process of execution. Would that Mr. Crossman had pursued the text before reflecting on the sincerity of a Gentleman-King!

Mr. Crossman is at pains trying to cloak the Arabs in Israel with Communism. His suggestion that Arab Nazareth (though still under Israel military administration) is the main Communist stronghold, and that it is from there that the "minds" of the refugees in Jordan are "inflamed by Communist propaganda" gives an entirely distorted picture of the state of Communism in Israel. The headquarters of the Israel Communist Party are surely in Tel Aviv! Yet, while the "Arabs (in Israel) are still second-class citizens, and are treated as potential fifth columnists," is it to be wondered that many would be willing merely to act as carriers of Jewish Communist propaganda leaflets that preach equality, fraternity, and promise protection?

According to the leader entitled "Conformists" in the *Jerusalem Post* of 21.2.51, it may only be a matter of time before the Left-wing near-Communist Party, Mapam (that voted against the $35-million American loan to Israel), adheres to the Cominform. Mapam has its firmest strongholds in many of the most flourishing *collectivist* settlements. Does Mr. Crossman seriously suggest that to throw out the Arabs from Israel on the plea that they are Communists would have the slightest effect on a Communist-tending movement that springs from the heart of Zionism? In the words of Dr. Weizman, both Zionism and Communism sprang from the same root (see *Trial and Error*). One wonders what reasons prompt Mr. Crossman to attempt smudging these Israel Arabs whose lot has driven them temporarily to seek alleviation from persecution when the Jewish Diaspora provided the Lenin and Trotsky types.

Press & Publicity Bureau. H. DHAHIR,
The Hashemite Kingdom *Controller*,
of Jordan.

[Mr. Crossman writes: "Mr. Dhahir contraverts none of the facts which I stated. The tone of his glosses on my report indicates the depth of suspicion felt throughout the Arab world for any observer who seeks to study the situation objectively."—ED., *N. S. & N.*]

MALAY OFFICERS

SIR,—The statement made by "Mohamed Sopiee" in his article "A Malayan View" printed in your paper dated February 10, 1951, in regard to Malay Officers of the Malay Regiment being banned from rising to a higher rank than that of Captain, is completely false.

It has never been the policy of the regiment to bar Malay officers from rising to a rank higher than that of Captain. The facts are that until recently no Malay officer had sufficient commissioned service to qualify for promotion to Major, and as a result no pay scale had been provided for Malay officers above the rank of Captain.

On January 1, 1951, two Malay Captains, qualified for promotion to Major by virtue of service, were duly promoted by H.E. the High Commissioner. Furthermore, yet another Malay officer was promoted Major on February 9, 1951.

I would add, in order that further misconception may be avoided, that proposed regulations provide a time-scale for promotion equivalent to that of the British Army up to the rank of Lt.-Colonel, and that promotion from Captain to Major shall be by competitive examination, and from Major to Lt.-Colonel by selection.

ISMAIL TAHIR,
Port Dickson, Malaya. *Major*

DR. ALEX WOOD

SIR,—Many friends of the late Dr. Alexander Wood, of Cambridge, have expressed the wish that some memorial shall be established in tribute to his life and work.

The Fellowship of Reconciliation, of which Alex Wood was a vice-chairman, has now created a Trust for the endowment of an annual lectureship of an educational nature. The lectures are to have as their subject the bearing of the Christian Gospel upon some aspect of the international, national and social order, a subject dear to the heart of Dr. Wood.

Believing that many of your readers will desire to have some part in this memorial, we beg the courtesy of your columns to make it known that the treasurer of the Trust is Arthur McMillan, Esq., C.A., 38, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1, who will gratefully receive donations.

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NINEPENCE

SIR,—It is indeed regrettable that THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION has been obliged to raise its price.

Fortunately, it seems, encouragement to this reader to make the added sacrifice has come from a rather unexpected quarter. Indeed what better justification of many of the fears recently expressed in THE NEW STATESMAN could have been put forward than General MacArthur's statement before Congress of his attitude towards the United Nations, or his bland assessment of the U.N.'s value when he told Senator McMahon that "indubitably it is advantageous for us to have all the allies we can get and procure?"

A journal which so early saw the dangers inherent in this Machiavellian thought should surely have an inelastic demand.

A. J.-J. DUNN

86 Vallance Road, N.22.

HAROLD GILMAN

SIR,—I am preparing a biography of the painter, Harold Gilman (1876-1919) and a catalogue *raisonnée* of his work.

I wonder if I may beg space in your columns to ask if any of your readers have letters to or from Gilman, or any of his associates in the Camden Town Group, which have reference to the formation of the Group and its three exhibitions. If these can be borrowed, the greatest care will be taken and they will be returned at once after copies have been made. Costs of postage will be refunded.

It would be of the greatest value, also, to receive information (size, medium, date, etc.) of paintings or drawings by Gilman.

ERIC WESTBROOK

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COLLINS

Books in General

WE are used to Samuel Butler's *Notebooks** by now, and a new selection, edited by Messrs. Geoffrey Keynes and Brian Hill, with one or two extra notes is not going to add more than a touch here and there to the self-portrait. It may be that there is more in Butler's scientific writings than a layman can tell, but the period of excitement over *The Way of all Flesh* and *Erewhon* has passed. The first book anticipated the outburst of parricidal fury which was so strongly felt in England after the 1914 war; yet there is an insensibility in Butler—the result—of an injury to sensibility, really, which is beginning to make him seem arid and even pedantic as the Victorian controversies fade. But the *Notebooks* stand out as strongly as ever. They have the crankiness of nature, the stubbornness of personality. They store up Butler as a character, a minor of the Johnsonian school. They are the sketches of a mind and its habits, year in year out; and, taken together, they make an intimate portrait of a peculiarly English type of Worthy: the man who sets out to make recalcitrance respectable—even demure.

Behind those who profess Common Sense we are usually, though not always, entitled to suspected the wounded heart. Benjamin Franklin, for example, was hardly an injured character; puritanism and self-interest fitted him like a glove and he had the geniality of his period. But Butler, we know, was a hurt man. The love he must have proferred at one time to his father and which, on some stern conception of principle or duty, was rejected, rebounded and became the comic anger of satire. Feeling was cut short, pruned back in Butler and its full expression is rare; one remembers only the lines supposedly written about his love for Pauli and his remorse after the death of Miss Savage. But the last was expressed with a defensive touch of brutality and our lasting impression of the emotional Butler is a wistful and misanthropic one. The ridiculous and ironical make their protective gestures. He is drily aware of a dull, edgy, armed neutrality in human relationships and he has the stubborn air of a man too sensitive to private pain. And so sensibility is shut off, the spirit of perversity wakes up, the comic eye aggressively winks, and if imagination is there—but there was more dialectic than imagination in him—it is soon nipped by the sobering eye for fact. Though fact itself (in Butler's kind of character) is liable to be turned into fantasy, caricature and the bizarre. The members of the parricide club have only one emotion and that is too original.

The amusement we get out of Butler comes from his cult of Common Sense, equanimity, worldliness and the plain, and from comparing its downrightness with its underlying timidity; one sees the cult at work in his criticism of Bunyan:

> What a pity it is that Christian never met Mr. Common Sense with his daughter, Good Humour, and her affianced husband Mr. Hate Cant; but if he ever saw them in the distance he steered clear of them, probably as feeling that they would be more dangerous than Giant Despair, Vanity Fair and Apollyon all together —for they would have stuck to him if he had let them get in with him.

Like Shaw, Butler is without humbug. Possibly it was a form of humbug on Butler's part to pretend to be unrespectable and rebellious, when he was in fact a conservative and rather prim and tetchy character. He was a true Victorian—far more Victorian than a man like Bagehot who hardly belongs to his time at all, or Clough who seems to us now contemporary. Having said that I begin to doubt its truth, for Butler is not easy to catch. One thinks of him as a Victorian because he sallied into the great wars of religion in the 19th century but he turned them into a private war, fought with home-made weapons of his own invention. He attacked church religion with autobiography. He attacked it with his personality. Like a minor Johnson, he is pithy, downright and scathing. But where Johnson is orthodox, tragic and frontal in his declarations, Butler drops into the ill-wearing habit of paradox. He is out for dramatic effect and one often feels that when he has turned things upside down, it will only mean that someone is going to have the bother of turning them right way up again—and possibly that someone will be Butler himself:

> A drunkard would not give money to sober people. He said they would only eat it and buy clothes and send their children to school with it.
>
> An idiot is a person who thinks for himself instead of letting other people think for him.
>
> Truth does not consist in never lying but in knowing when to lie and when not to do so.
>
> Lord I do not believe, help thou my unbelief.

In Butler one sees the exasperations of the intelligence; in Johnson the goaded lion, the growls that can become the roar of unanswerable moral range or personal agony. Then, one feels, Butler was unlucky in his time. He had, as it were, been forced into the Victorian age against his will; he seems to have been born to parcel out the Moral in the fashion of the 18th century, and not to gnash at its unsightly conversion into the conventional morality of the Victorians. And, in fact, their profession and their inherited wealth preserved the whole Butler family from any notion of what the Industrial Revolution did to England. He really wanted, one suspects, what the earlier century had had, a respectable cut and dried and formal God who, except for holidays with the Wesleyans, left the world alone.

Butler's science harked back to that more humane period and his attitude to his interests has the versatility, the whim and the egocentric touch we see in the 18th-century amateurs; people like Maria Edgworth's father, solid and yet crankish, who lapped up Rousseau, became practical philosophers, invented extraordinary mechanical and scientific devices. Butler broke into the fields of the specialists with the unholy joy of the independent nuisance, demolishing one kind of father-figure, eloquently erecting others, knocking down Aunt Sally and rigging up Aunt Handel; and he did this out of the love of the natural man which was his inheritance from the Enlightenment. Unlike the late Victorian pessimists and agnostics, he is permeated by a discernible complacency, or rather, by a determination not to cry down his satisfactions; he has seen the devil who has told him that God is neither as black nor as white as he is painted, and is assured that the world is gradually becoming more sensible and more comely. Only one thing haunts the human comedy—the loneliness and the pathos of it, the price we have to pay for our good sense. There is a sad note on his half-wish for a son of his own to be hated by, which he turns off with a joke.

Butler's failure in his own lifetime does not seriously affect his spirits; it makes him more phlegmatic and perhaps a little touchy, that is all. The *Notebooks* suggest a packed life, the sword never back in the scabbard. Life in whatever *cul de sac* he may have to go into is so dense in its interest, so transformed by his personal curiosity and disagreement with it all, that he is more sorry for the bewilderment of the reader than perturbed by it. A parricide cannot fail to be fascinated by his own charmed life. Eccentrics gather round Butler. The upsets with his sisters are delightful in their tedium: the way they look twice at his cheques, get ill when their father gets better and recover when he gets worse! The family letters with the things that had better not be mentioned! They read like negotiations between the Powers. Around this family row which Butler could never bear to leave alone, are the Cockney characters, the demi-monde of servant life with its ripe sayings:

> He is generally a little tight on a Saturday afternoon, he always speaks the truth, but then it comes pouring out more.
>
> Boss said that Mrs. Honor would drink everything she could stand upright and pay her money for.
>
> Boss said she wished the horn would blow for her and the worms take her that very night.

Alfred, the note-writing valet, is the strangest of this trite London chorus who, at times, seem to be the ageing Butler's only audience and public. One can think of no more charming scene from the peculiarity of London life than the one where Butler and Alfred are in the British Museum rubbing out the pencil marks the author had made on the letters of Dr. Butler. The notes passed by Alfred were generally practical reminders about things like buying a hat, changing socks. There was once a request for a geranium; but as he worked beside his master in the British Museum Alfred slipped this to him: "You cannot rub out half so nice as Alfred can."

Butler's notes have a dry, almost scientific and specimen-like quality. Compressed, worked upon, shaped, made economical though not elegant, they are uttered without comment. It is the vanity of the aphorist. The good-and-evil, vice-and-virtue themes seem now the poorest, and to a contemporary taste the jokes about religion no longer shock and even require—what damns an epigram—an explanation. The new notes put into the present selection are Butler's irritable account of collision between rival vanities—a meeting with Augustine Birrell who is presented as an egotistical old bore; and a very wary note on Shaw. Butler's one-man war against the Victorian age led him to believe

* *The Notebooks of Samuel Butler*. Edited and revised by Geoffrey Keynes and Brian Hill. *Cape*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

he was the only important writer in it. Of Shaw, he wrote:

> I have long been repelled by this man though at the time attracted by his coruscating power.

In their absurd meeting Shaw cried down Handel, praised the disgusting Ibsen, but agreed that the *Odyssey* was "obviously" written by a woman—

> but I cannot forgive Bernard Shaw for sneering at Shakespeare as he has done this morning. If he means it there is no trusting his judgment—if he doesn't mean it I have no time to waste on such trifling. If Shaw embeds his plums in such cakes as this, they must stay there. I cannot trouble to pick it out.

Did the lowering, mistrustful old man apprehend that this sportive disciple was going to beat him at his own game and eclipse him? Worse—did he suspect that Shaw had that command of his own talent, that heaven-sent sense of proportion, which Butler could so rarely rely on having to hand? Where Butler lost himself in the craftsman's acrimonies, in the carpentering of belief, nailing down a joke or sawing off an outrage, Shaw was soon dancing on the stage above. The fault of Butler is that he goes on arguing too long, that he refines a joke until it vanishes.

Except in the *Notebooks*. In these he hit upon the form most congenial to him: a system of recording guesses about life. The great damage done to Butler in his childhood gave this able, virile and tender man of immensely original curiosity, a craving for the "normal," and the normal could be surmised only by posing extreme statements and from their collision extracting the mean. His wisdom is a kind of practical guesswork and it has a power to move or convince when we feel the hourly puffing and blowing of his experience behind it.

> It is not by what a man has actually put down on his canvas, nor yet by the acts which he has set down so to speak on the canvas of his life that I will judge him, but by what he makes me feel that he felt and aimed at.

That is pure Butler: the doctrine of the conflict, the fantasy, the guess and the growing point.

V. S. PRITCHETT

WATER, WOOD, STONE

High, high the water which the wind high
sweeps in a mazéd motion around the lake.
There is no way to break the silence—even
to try halloos against the shrill sky
and the dull blue shore. And though the lake,
for all I know,
is tardy at heart with the dark dead its waterquake
has shaken loose from the remoter palace of the ice,
there is no gleam to fall there
on their sunk hollows and on their iron being,
swinging and falling to.
All the high light
is the light splinters of the sun and the wind-slivers
and the little high water-bird
veering his light neck in the great force
turning the slow heart,
as if he also rode to dark upon this broken glory.
And behind me and around us both, the frail woods
are no longer lead nor iron. Their fronds in air
brilliant and fatal with their life of green
quiver, by giant bones commanded stillness,
of grey granite pinning the silence,
so that we cannot take any steps into
the silence of a further kingdom,
or trace the ancient sense these forms might make
of twilight.

KATHLEEN NOTT

THE DEATH PENALTY

The Shadow of the Gallows. By VISCOUNT TEMPLEWOOD. *Gollancz.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

When the author of this book, as Sir Samuel Hoare, took over the Home Secretaryship in 1937, he found prominently displayed on the heavy mid-Victorian writing-table in the Home Secretary's room a marked calendar and a card bearing a quotation from Juvenal. The marks on the calendar showed the days on which death-sentence appeals should be made and executions carried out. The quotation on the card said: *Nulla unquam de morte hominis cunctatio longa est.* "I had them at once removed," he says.

> How they came there and whether they have since returned I do not know. So far as I was concerned, I thought the more and not the less about crime and punishment when they had gone, and started upon two years of hard labour in which I tried to humanise and rationalise rather than to sentimentalise our penal methods.

During those two years he had to decide upon forty-seven sentences of death. There was a procedure: study the judge's notes and the coroner's notes, turn to the departmental recommendation, discuss it first with the Permanent Under-Secretary, then with the judge who tried the case. If there were medical issues, see the prison doctors and, perhaps, appoint a statutory committee of two doctors to report formally. He recommended reprieves in twenty-four cases, and four others were found insane and sent to Broadmoor. The remaining nineteen were executed. His decisions, he points out, had to be made without the calling of witnesses, without seeing the accused person, without any of the publicity that is one of the chief safeguards of British justice. More than once he had two capital cases to decide at the same time, brought to him in the midst of a mass of cabinet and departmental work, while dozens of other questions were claiming his attention. Looking back, he does not know whether the decisions he made were right or wrong; but he does know, what he did not know then, that

> in prisons such as Cardiff and Swansea, where executions regularly take place, there is no whole-time medical officer, and nowhere do prison medical officers have to qualify themselves for dealing with mental cases. Yet it is upon reports from the medical officers of prisons that the Home Secretary depends to a considerable extent for the essential information about a prisoner's mental state.

A year after those experiences, Sir Samuel Hoare went to Madrid as ambassador, having no direct experience of the demoralisation that is brought about by national callousness to human suffering. Spain was then emerging from a civil war in which a million Spaniards had been killed, many of them in cold blood behind the lines of the rival armies. Mass executions were still going on and the Spanish public seemed to him to take them as a matter of course. Gradually he became convinced that if Europe was to recover from totalitarian tyranny and "the demoralisation of the second Thirty Years' War," an altogether exceptional effort would be needed. It was for the British to dissociate themselves once and for all from the tendencies that degraded the dignity of human beings, and to proclaim to the world their rejection of the doctrine that the State has the right to take human life in time of peace:

> This has been my compelling reason in recent years for pressing for the total abolition of the death penalty. I definitely wish to make an abrupt and unmistakable break with the course of recent events, and after twelve years of cruelty and degradation to show to the world our unshakable belief in the dignity of human life.

It would be a belated gesture. Thirty-six other countries, including nearly the whole of Europe, have already made it by formally abolishing the death penalty or by allowing it to fall into disuse, with no effect on the murder rate, no administrative difficulties about the imprisonment of murderers, no special inhumanity in the treatment of them—and no irremediable miscarriages of justice. This makes little impression on British opponents of abolition, many of whom feel that in matters of criminal justice, at least, the foreigner is always wrong by the light of nature and cannot, statistically or otherwise, be understood to prove himself right. Where Britain cannot lead, she can at least refuse to follow or even to inquire. So when Lord Templewood, in the 1948 House of Lords debate on the ill-fated (and, in his view, ill-timed) abolition clause in the Criminal Justice Act, asked for a report upon the experience of foreign countries, no one could give any accurate account of it, and a number of totally inaccurate statements were made. A hurriedly produced White Paper, he says, was "eventually scraped together to meet an unexpected demand." The prevalent view seemed to be that we were so obviously right in retaining capital punishment that the experience of other countries did not matter. The present Royal Commission under Sir Ernest Gowers has been treating the foreign experience as though it mattered greatly.

Lord Templewood examines all the familiar pro-hanging arguments—eye-for-an-eye, the danger of lynch law, criminals shooting to kill when pursued, reprieved murderers killing prison officers, and so on. He treats them with a respect that seems almost exaggerated until you perceive the consequent completeness of their demolition. He is not fully aware, perhaps, of the invincible, ferocious stupidity behind the popular demand for identical retribution at any cost whatever, which has hitherto been an excusable preoccupation of cautious legislators. And, though he may have decided to ignore it as fatuous, I should have preferred him to deal with the prophecy that the substitution of imprisonment for hanging would tempt British criminals, unlike foreign ones, to turn every burglary, rape, arson, blackmail, and felonious wounding into murder because all those crimes carry life sentences already. But he has written a temperate, reasoned statement of the case for studying and rehabilitating our criminals rather than breaking their necks at a secret ceremonial, and his experience makes it a book of rare importance.

C. H. ROLPH

NEW NOVELS

The Face of Innocence. By WILLIAM SANSOM. *Hogarth Press.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The Broken Root. By ARTURO BAREA. *Faber.* 15*s.*

Mr. William Sansom is a novelist to reckon with. Already his record, like some fabulous entry in *Who's Who*, is lustrous with credits. Sitwell Prizeman and Mortimer Fellow, Connolly Novel of the Year, Daily Mail Book of the Month, Hundred Books Laureate; nor is any Left Bank magazine too new, any Roman review too old, to contain Mr. Sansom's name. Emerging from the chrysalis of prestige into the sunshine of popular acclaim, he has undergone the characteristic development of the major novelist. Those who have watched this development have been aware from near its beginning that Mr. Sansom had a talent which was ungainly, restive, wayward, a talent that required schooling, and that might emerge as elegant and powerful. The schooling has been arduous and patient; it is time to consider whether the talent is reaching its full elegance and power.

The plot of *The Face of Innocence*, like the plot of Mr. Sansom's last novel, *The Body*, is a simple-seeming affair of personal relations. The milieu is middle class, the background suburban. Everything is soothingly familiar; the narrator is a novelist, but after all, there is nothing very odd in that. He is in fact Harry Camberley's oldest friend, and although this relationship of oldest friend is formal rather than intimate, it nevertheless gives the narrator a peculiar standing; it is natural that he should play the role of confidant not only to Harry but to Harry's fiancée, Eve. Eve is a charming girl, attractive, good company, very suitable. But things are not, after all, as simple as *that*. There is something odd about Eve. The narrator suspects for a time that it is nymphomania, but it isn't; nor is it, as any novel-reader might suspect,

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MICHAEL JOSEPH

something from the fashionable side of psychopathology. What it is that is odd about Eve is in fact what supplies Mr. Sansom with his subject, both the top subject of his entertainment and the deeper subject of his speculation: the nature of reality and the nature of art. It would be too much to say that Mr. Sansom carries his speculation very far; perhaps, at the end, he has done little more than indicate, with a polite, slightly wry smile, some of the problems that beset the story-telling animal.

Nevertheless, when we have examined it, *The Face of Innocence* is seen to provide, under its engaging surface, a second layer of more profound entertainment, of subterranean implications, of irony and sadness. Given so much, readers will display the natural greed of their kind in expecting more; something more sustained if not more profound; a more solid adherence between the two layers; a novel purged of devices and artificiality, hesitations and faults of style.

Judged at the level which Mr. Sansom has on occasion attained, *The Face of Innocence* is a faulty novel. Some of the minor characters are a little overdone; there is an unwelcome note of the grotesque. This is true also of Harry Camberley's old boy jauntiness; it is larger than life, but also thinner, as though it had been done in poster paint. Every now and again the author seems to change gear; there is a grinding noise, speed drops, and the thing moves forward again with torpid slowness. Since the narrative goes for a good deal of the time with verve and smoothness the lapses are very noticeable. This unevenness is even more marked in the matter of style. At his best Mr. Sansom is astringently evocative: here he is on the Riviera:

> We walked right along to the end of the cape, passing new plasterette villas grinning between the pines—and no architecture has less dignity than those torrid little film-sets of the south—to where rocks straggled out into the water.

I quote this not because it is outstanding, but because it is characteristic of the alert, plain, vigorous writing Mr. Sansom normally employs. On the preceding page, however, there is a typical lapse, one of the too many pieces of decorated writing. Describing the skin imperfections of people in bathing suits: "One imagined that somewhere in the night there walked abroad a prurience that came up behind the ladies and pinched them with fingers stained in billiards-chalk and mauve wine." Stained in billiards-chalk and mauve wine: it is a pity that the work of a novelist with so distinguished a reputation, a novel in itself so enjoyable, so sensuous in flavour and so intelligent and unpretentious in content, should be touched with this improbable maculation.

Mr. Barea, in translation at any rate, seems little troubled by problems of style. *The Broken Root* is a nakedly propagandist novel, and the propaganda has unfortunately damped the fire of the qualities that the author displayed in his earlier trilogy—the spontaneity, the vividness, the artist's authority and sense of relevance. Instead we have a politician's discipline, the narrative force of a practised writer, and the authority and sense of relevance of someone out to win an argument—the argument being that Franco Spain is a brutal, inefficient, miserable tyranny. It is fair to say that, among propagandist novels, this is a good one. Mr. Barea moves his Franco victims—his dope-peddling pimp, his naive Communist, his pious informer, and his deluded spiritualist—with precision and skill. His book gains, too, because the material is unfashionable; a tyranny of the Right, clericalism in the saddle, a Liberal as well as a Communist opposition, and the sense that the English reader is given that he, with his rations, his Health Service, his nine-and-sixpenny Income Tax, is an almost mythical denizen of the shore dimly seen. If we are looking for a competent indictment of Franco, here it is. But that is all. Novels such as this warm a ready anger, but they do not fan into flame the deeper and more lasting incandescence that is beyond the direct reach.

J. D. SCOTT

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Gandhi's Letters to a Disciple (Madeleine Slade). *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Upanishads. A new translation by SWAMI NIKHILANANDA. *Phœnix House.* 16*s.*

Gandhi said that his writings should be cremated with his body. "What I have done will endure, not what I have said and written." Certainly this man's genius lay in action. Though he could write simply, directly and with terse, emotional power, he would have been aghast if anyone had mistaken him for a literary artist. Unlettered peasants understood his deeds and gestures by instinct. We in the West need his writings, as the Indian intelligentsia did, as a commentary on his actions. And so we gladly welcome the selections which two of his English disciples have made, one from his published books and articles, the other from his intimate letters. But the reader must understand that the action came first; the commentary followed it. This Mr. Duncan realises, and in his introduction, as admirable a piece of writing as we should expect from the author of *This Way to the Tomb*, he has shown us Gandhi in action, scavenging with his own hands to clear up the filth of the abysmally poor village where in his later years he had chosen to live in a mud hut. But Ronald Duncan sees only one side of Gandhi and deliberately ignores, as Madeleine Slade also does, Gandhi the rebel, who moulded history by his personality, as no one else in our day, save Lenin, did. These two books are valuable, but only if one knows first of all Gandhi's *Autobiography*, which covers the earlier half of his life and some such record as *Mahatma Gandhi* (1949), by H. S. L. Polak and his two colleagues. Why did he collect ordure—much as Christ washed the disciples' feet? Or why, in 1922, when he had shaken the British Empire by uniting Muslims and Hindus in open revolt for the first and last time since the Mutiny, did he call off his campaign of civil disobedience, and console his followers by assuring them that they could win *swaraj* (self-rule) by plying the spindle "religiously" and visiting the homes of drunkards? We need his commentary.

The aspect of Gandhi's teaching which Mr. Duncan chiefly stresses is his insistence on the need for a lower standard of living. This has two roots, his nationalism and his asceticism. The whole man was in revolt against the West and rejected not merely its imperialism and its industrialism, but its moral values and its culture, from Copernicus to Freud. Mr. Duncan's is a good selection, made with love and understanding; but it includes some items that puzzle me, for example, the Linlithgow correspondence, while it omits altogether the only systematic exposition of his creed Gandhi ever wrote, *Hind Swaraj*. Crude and fierce in its anti-Western nationalism, this is more typical than the urbane reply to Tagore. It expresses, moreover, Gandhi's revolutionary adoption of a peasant's outlook, though by nurture and descent he was no more a peasant than Marx and Lenin were proletarians. Often he emphasised his mission to deliver the peasants from their subjugation to the towns.

To the ascetic root of Gandhi's gospel of "doing without" Mr. Duncan does full justice. It started from the doctrine of the Upanishads that "all attachment to the senses is death." Four of these classics of Hindu philosphy are now available in a new version which includes the orthodox commentary of Sankaracharya. In Gandhi's case this heritage was reinforced by an acute sense of guilt based on his sexual experience. He antagonised Mr. Duncan by declaring that it is sin to enjoy Mozart. In his letters to Miss Slade he regrets that fruit (on which he mainly lived) is a delicacy; one ought to take food as if it were medicine. "A full meal is a crime against God and man." The progress of nations and individuals is to be "measured by the amount of suffering undergone." The ideal he preached was absolute chastity. I wonder whether he did as much to foster peace by his teaching of non-violence as he did to promote war in Asia by his opposition to birth-control.

Both books set the reader trying to guess what Gandhi understood by God. He tells us that God is not for him a person, but an idea. Sometimes he delights in the paradoxes dear to Hindu metaphysics. God is Truth, but He is also Untruth; He is motionless, yet is ever moving; He is ethics and morality; He is even the atheism of the atheist. Gandhi conceived Him (as the *Gita* does) as all that is, but not, I think, as the Kosmos. Above all, he thought of God as "law," by which he meant the moral law. "I literally believe that not a blade of grass grows or moves without His will." Somewhere in his thinking the ambiguous Father-image crept in. "He is patient, but he is also terrible." He sends famines and punishes India's sins by earthquakes.

Miss Slade, in her selection from the letters she received from her spiritual father, stresses a happier side of Gandhi's discipline. What he taught her was "to find God and to depend on Him alone." In Mr. Duncan's book we can read his disillusioned comments on the first-fruits of India's Independence. In these letters he seems at the end as serene as ever, though he has started his last fast. What may happen is "neither your concern nor mine. Our concern is the act itself, not the result of the action." One could wish that Miss Slade's selection had been more drastic. Many of Gandhi's letters are very brief and contain nothing of general interest. The intimate details about his health and hers become wearisome. But even these trivialities serve to remind us how untiring he was in his love not only for his disciple but for all that lives. For him "all strangers are friends," among them the prison cat; one day, he muses, we shall include the plants and "value their friendship." There was nothing of the grim Puritan in this happy ascetic. He had, indeed, reined in "animal passion" but only

to "change it into celestial passion." He sublimated sex into love for all mankind, but especially for peasants. To please him, Miss Slade shaved off her hair and dressed as an Untouchable, but without obliterating, as I recall her, her native distinction. "One day," wrote her teacher, "you will be taken for a common village girl."

So sure was Gandhi's faith that he looked forward to death with perfect serenity—perhaps his many fasts revealed his wish for it. Faith made him fearless. He can challenge an Empire, because he is sure that his liberated soul will "dance for joy" in God's presence. "That nation is great which rests its head upon death as its pillow." Thanks to the Inner Voice he knew no hesitation. "Consult the Dweller within and He will never fail you." When Mira behn (Miss Slade) at a distance from him was suffering from mental tension and fever, he exhorted her to self-control, which comes only by realising that "God is with us and looks after us, as if He had no other care besides." Such a letter St. Clara might have received from St. Francis. Are we much the happier for what we have learned and discarded in the intervening centuries?

H. N. BRAILSFORD

"ALL THESE HAD THE DEAR LADY"

Mr. and Mrs. Beeton. By H. MONTGOMERY HYDE. *Harrap.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The myth of Mrs. Beeton, at once shadowy and substantial, has been in recent years dispelled; the picture that replaces it is rather more extraordinary. That she was the oldest of twenty-one children, all living, between race meetings, in the Grand Stand at Epsom; that she was but twenty-five when her Book was published, and twenty-nine when she died—these things now lend an air of fantasy and pathos to a life in which she would have recognised neither. Imagination is further stirred by the figure of Samuel Beeton, phthisic and mercurial, the young publisher who was said to resemble Shelley and later Don Quixote, not only in appearance but in an idealistic streak that we can trace in all his commercial ventures. It certainly runs through his pioneer work in providing magazines for women and young people.

This fusion of the homely and the bizarre is indeed a Victorian commonplace. Isabella Beeton's stepfather—each partner, widow and widower, brought four children to the union, and between them produced thirteen more—was Henry Dorling, Clerk to the Epsom Race Course, lessee of the Grand Stand (where he housed his large family), one of the originators of the racing code, and responsible for the title of Frith's *Derby Day*. It is clear why Isabella was always well informed on turf matters. She was at the same time gay, practical and accomplished, the admired family favourite. Samuel Beeton, whom at twenty she married (each little sister sewing a flounce of her wedding dress) was already, in his restless, inventive way, a success. The modest publishing firm of which he was a partner had not long since had the good fortune to acquire the first copy to cross the Atlantic of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. And the *Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine*, the first of the series of Beeton household publications in which Isabella's help was to be so valuable, had started its vigorous course. As ancestor of one of the most flourishing forms of contemporary journalism it deserves a moment's pause. "We have endeavoured," the editor noted, "to adopt a tone of morality free from severity, and to blend amusement with instruction." It included not only the usual topics of food, beauty and household matters, but sections on gardening, human problems, pet animals, fiction (*The Scarlet Letter* was one of the serials) and literary criticism—as well as the first paper patterns for clothes in this country. There was also a "Prize Composition" to raise "the intellectual character of your young countrywomen by inducing them to venture into print." Among the subjects set were The Duke of Wellington's Funeral, The Influence of a Mother's Teaching in After-Life, and The Unselfish Love of Woman contrasted with the Exacting Selfishness of Man.

The *Book of Household Management* appeared in 1861. "Exquisite palate, unerring judgment, sound common sense, refined tastes—all these had the dear lady who has gone ere her youth had scarcely come. . . ." So, four years later, wrote her husband in the sad *Usque ad Finem* which used to close all editions. The book is still a thing to be wondered at: a monument to Victorian industry, ceremoniousness, the desire to inform. Sensitive, the compiler could hardly afford to be:

> I have followed the animal (she observes) from his birth to his appearance on the table; have described the manner of feeding him and of slaying him, the position of his various joints, and, after giving the recipes, have described the modes of carving Meat, Poultry and Game.

Its range is really astonishing; scholarly references abound, so do passages of obscure natural history, while the most intimate as well as the most formal domestic matters are unfalteringly dealt with. The same serene and elegant assurance covers, let us say, the Observations on the Common Hog, or some item such as this: "If the mistress be a wife, never let an account of her husband's failings pass her lips. . . ."

Dr. Hyde's account of these useful, short, unusual lives is not often lit by interpretation; the dashing yet informative study made recently by Miss Nancy Spain seems also less cursory and impatient over detail. There is one interesting addition, however; the chapter on Samuel Beeton in the twelve years between his wife's death and his own. Slowly dying of consumption, his business ruined by a banking crash, he turned with increasing unworldliness to social and political satire, using even his popular *Christmas Annual* as a publishing vehicle. The Tory Government and the irresponsibilities of the Royal Household were his chief targets, though we find him touching on such matters as cruel sports and the plight of the unmarried mother. "He was courageous wellnigh to temerity," his friend Dowty later recorded. ". . . In politics he held advanced views, being almost Quixotic in his well-meant attempts to do the masses good." Dr. Hyde gives an outline of these satirical writings, which led, indeed, by way of a lawsuit, to the final break with the firm (Ward, Lock & Co.) which had bought up the Beeton publications. Would all this have happened if Isabella had been alive? It seems unlikely. For, in spite of the charm of her youth, and the elegiac note rung by her early death, she was incipiently, we suspect, the Mrs. Beeton of legend, a pillar of strength, a model of discretion. It is a sad irony (in keeping, though, with the Victorian picture) that the author of *Household Management* should have lost the first two of her children from childish illnesses, and have died herself as a result of giving birth to the fourth.

NAOMI LEWIS

UNDERGROUND MEN

Subterranean Climbers. By PIERRE CHEVALIER. *Faber.* 16*s.*

Cave Men New and Old. By NORBERT CASTERET. *Dent.* 16*s.*

Climbers, in the course of their perverse pleasure, occasionally find themselves shinning up rocks with water pouring in at their necks and out at their boots. But speleologists are constantly climbing up and down waterfalls. They do it in the dark; they have clumsy bundles of gear to manipulate; perched on a ledge with a sixty-foot cascade pouring over them, their lights extinguished by the water, they grapple with hideous tangles of ropes and rope ladders. After reading these two horribly vivid books, I made a short list of other predicaments in which speleologists find themselves. An injured man has to be dragged through hundred-yard long tunnels cat-hole size. A man descending a rope-ladder swings upside down and the acetylene lamp at

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his waist sets fire to his clothes. A rope breaks, and the explorer falls into an underground pool: he has to crawl for hours to reach dry clothes. Members of the supporting team patiently wait eight hours, twelve hours, two days, in a cold, damp cave for the return of the advance party. On new explorations, accurate measurements must be made and notebooks written up, however narrow the tunnel, however soaked the explorer. A violent storm on the surface may suddenly flood all underground galleries and—at best—trap the explorers for days. Luckily, neither M. Chevalier's nor M. Casteret's parties suffered this final ordeal, though the possibility of it was always in their minds.

What are the counterbalancing rewards that drive speleologists to endure these trials? Some, again, are shared with the climber: the sense of achievement and of obstacles overcome can send men five hundred metres underground as well as eight thousand above; the impulse to explore can drive them to map a system of rock tunnels in a limestone massif near Grenoble as well as a system of glaciers in the Karakoram. But what are the subterranean equivalents of the sun, the colour, the flowers, the heavenly air, the matchless prospects? "The Quatre Anes ridge of the Dent Blanche" owns Pierre Chevalier, who was a climber before he took to caves, "was strikingly more lovely to look at than the Palomère shafts." But he does not embark on an answer, nor even imply one in his narrative. Exploration was for him the great thing, and nothing is more fascinating in his gay spirited account of operations inside the Dent de Crolles above Grenoble than the description of "chasing the draught . . . an invisible Ariadne's thread" through the mountain in the attempt to link up the Trou de Glaz with an opening on the east face. Norbert Casteret's more meditative and romantic approach goes further towards supplying an answer. His eye lingers on the amazingly varied surface of the rocks, now smooth and waterworn, now fretted into spikes and turrets, now blooming into great clusters of flowers: one photograph shows a helmeted speleologist poking his head through a clotted mass of crystalline blossom, a petrified pear-tree in May. But there are still deeper attractions.

Psychologists have found plenty of disreputable reasons for the activities of climbers, and I hate to think of all they could tax the speleologists with. But without invoking the Freudians there are plenty of obvious emotional and instinctive reasons for the pull of the underground, the fascination of depth. Here again, M. Casteret is the more articulate of the two writers; and after describing the successful penetration of La Henne Morte in the Pyrenees—446 metres, the deepest pot-hole known in France—he goes on to write of caverns in mythology and sacred writings. Love of darkness, a sharpening of the other senses than sight, ancestral memories, silent contemplation in the bosom of the earth, all contribute to his passion. In one chapter he describes how Mass was celebrated in the cave of Esparros, and how he carried down the statue of the Virgin in his rucksack as others have carried Virgins up to the summit of the Dru or the Géant. This observance is in the spirit of the *Benedicite Omnia Opera*—O ye Light and Darkness, bless ye the Lord—and has in it obvious memories of early Christians in the catacombs: but one can see in it also, as in so many other Christian observances, the sanctification of a more primitive magic and mystery, inspired by the deep places of the earth, to which Proserpine was taken, from which Eurydice could not return.

A further reason for the passion which animated M. Casteret's and M. Chevalier's researches may be found in the time when they took place. Most of the explorations described in the two books were made in the war years: the speleologists, like many French mountaineers, were vindicating by their endurances and triumphs the courage and nerve of Frenchmen. M. Casteret (who hid stores of firearms in caves for the Maquis) reports a speech he made to this effect in Paris in 1944; with M. Chevalier, the impact of the war is left for the reader to infer, in scattered casual references. Regular members of the team disappear into the Maquis; Fernand sidles up in Grenoble station to report that he's lying low to avoid deportation; the bombardment of Lyons in 1944 messes up a week-end's plans; rations are inadequate and equipment unobtainable; the railway line is cut and everything has to go by bicycle; Fernand lands a job as fire officer for St. Ismier and deportation is off, but he's got to attend every funeral in the town. A few laconic phrases—"Other problems occupied our minds," "there were other matters to attend to in our country"—hint at the work of resistance and reconstruction above ground. These rare glimpses of the conditions in which they went caving, of the lives they led outside the caves, add a further dimension of heroism to their striking and spirited achievements. Underground men, indeed, in more senses than one.

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WEST END LEGEND

Ivor Novello. By PETER NOBLE. *Falcon Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Ivor Novello's death, though it could not, like Garrick's, be said to have eclipsed the gaiety of nations, affected a large section of the British public. From being a West End star, Novello had become a legend, an institution as national as Gilbert and Sullivan. The formula—a mixture of spectacle and romantic operetta—was irresistible and unvaried. An almost yearly dole of music and colour, it was the Welfare State's equivalent of the ancient bread and games. Saul slew his thousands and David his tens of thousands. Future social historians, commenting on the pattern of post-war Britain, will have to record that for every recipient of food subsidies and free spectacles who read the *History of Western Philosophy* and listened to chamber music on the Third Programme, ten saw *Perchance to Dream* and *King's Rhapsody*. The star whose excursions to Ruritania were scornfully equated with the years of appeasement carried his escapist tradition triumphantly on into the age of full employment.

How did he manage it? Beneath the silver spoon gifts—luck, charm, personality, a memorable profile and a flair for sensing public demand—there lay a stratum of hard business-like qualities: great showmanship, infinite patience, consummate knowledge of his profession and a Keynesian box-office acumen (hardened backers admit that Novello could do the most complicated theatre sums in his head). Add to this an innate kindliness that went far beyond the metallic amiability of No. 1 Dressing Room and a capacity for inspiring devotion in his casts and subordinates.

His plots were tinsel melodramas that were old when Anthony Hope was a boy; the other ingredients may be summed up in Agate's remarks about *Glamorous Night*: "Local colour here is borrowed from *Carmen* and the music from Brahms, while abandoned peasants indulge in something between a polonaise and a bolero, ending in exhaustion like the orgy in *Helen!*" Yet the choruses of Tyrolean peasants and ermined courtiers, the backcloth Praters and stage-carpentered schlosses, the great tremolo gestures of renunciation—all this stirred something deep in the heart of British audiences. They knew Novello would never let them down. They knew he believed in his own dream as wholeheartedly as his youngest (or oldest) fan in the gallery. It is this quality that marks the uncynical Novello off from Mr. Coward. With all its lushness, Novello's work is never cheap in the way that Mr. Coward's stage patriotism is cheap. Even at their most sentimental, his musical comedies retained a certain air and dignity. This was what Queen Mary meant when she commented that the coronation scene in *King's Rhapsody* was one of the most authentic spectacles of royalty ever staged.

If Olivier was the British Drama, Novello was the British Theatre—Crummles's "rose-pink and properties," uncritical, unintellectual and uninhibited. He belonged to the West End and the great Northern "dates." He eschewed Hollywood and Shepperton. To the man in the street, his name spelt first night telegrams and champagne suppers, Ivy glamour, ten-inch billing, and autograph hunters with frostbite at the stage door. Though by no means an innovator, he left his mark on the theatre in a hundred ways (not least on the imitative legions of windswept *gemütlich* young men, with "rave" voices and dark pullovers who created Shaftesbury Avenue in his image for a generation).

Like the young Disraeli, like every non-English wizard who emotionally masters the Anglo-Saxon, Novello began his career as an obvious exotic. The young man from Cardiff titillated his public with plays about dope fiends and apaches before going on, via Lord George Hell and Henry V, to charm the heart out of them with his Balkan royal exiles. The story of this development is to be found in Mr. Peter Noble's book, the customary stage biography made even more conventional than usual by its having been written in Novello's lifetime. Like most theatrical-success stories, the book contains a lot of superlatives, some amusing photographs and a great deal too many Christian names. It also seems to include all Novello's press cuttings. But it is there for the record.

JOHN RAYMOND

Adam. Nos. 212-213. November-December, 1951. 2*s.*

This international review is devoted for the first time to the consideration of a single writer: "C'est un devoir," writes the editor, Mr. Miron Grindea, "de proclamer la maturité d'un écrivain destiné à devenir universel." The writer in question is Mr. Joyce Cary. There are three essays on various aspects of his fiction; but the bulk of the magazine is written by Mr. Cary himself. Besides the conversation between him and Lord David Cecil originally broadcast in the Third Programme, there are prefaces to *Herself Surprised*, *To Be a Pilgrim* and *The Horse's Mouth*. But the main, and most important, article is an account, entitled "The Way a Novel Gets Written," of Mr. Cary's aims as a novelist and method of writing. This is a fascinating statement which should be of absorbing interest not only to admirers of Mr. Cary alone but to all concerned with the art of fiction. Altogether, this issue of *Adam* should be a valuable contribution to the appreciation of a remarkable novelist who, as is pointed out more than once in the criticisms of Mr. Cary it contains, is the one eminent living novelist working in what still seems the broad tradition of English fiction, and who, having recently been "discovered" with enthusiasm in the United States, may be expected soon to be providing French critics with the opportunity of exploring *la situation Caryenne*.

Harry Price: The Biography of a Ghost Hunter. By PAUL TABORI. *Athenaeum Press.* 15*s.*

It was Harry Price's fate to become involved in so many personal disputes through his long career that his really valuable contributions to psychical research are in danger of being forgotten. His skill as a

Contents of the May issue

The Great South African Trek
by C. R. N. Routh.

Colonel Sibthorpe, A Festival Centenary
by Christopher Sykes.

Prime Ministers II : Earl Grey
by D. H. Pennington.

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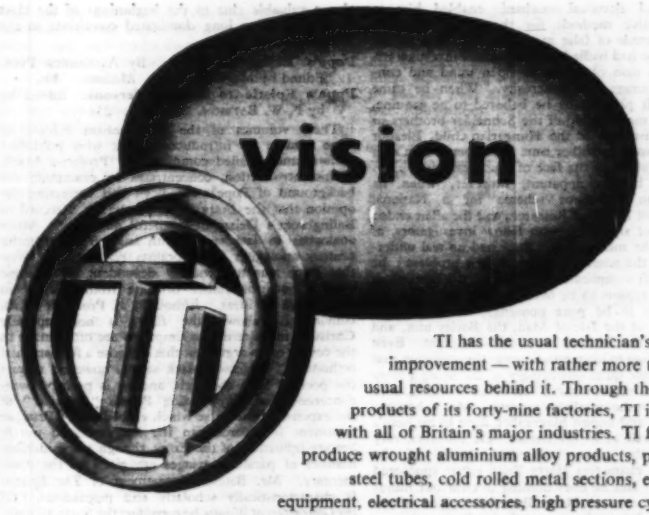

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conjurer and electrical mechanic enabled him to devise effective methods for the exposure of an unsavoury horde of false mediums and spirit photographers who had baffled more academic investigators. Price was a man of genuinely open mind and considerable courage and generosity. When he came across occult phenomena he believed to be genuine, such as the mediumship of the Schneider brothers or the poltergeist feats of the Hungarian child, Eleanor Zagun, he spared neither time nor expense in giving them a fair show in the face of much criticism. His limitations became apparent, however, when he launched an ambitious scheme for a National Laboratory of Psychical Research, and the affair ended in a series of squabbles with fellow investigators, as this biography makes clear. Price had no real understanding of the scientific approach to a problem; he could not sift complicated evidence, and he too often allowed his reports to be overlaid with what he must have known to be pure nonsense. The "talking mongoose" of the Isle of Man, the Borley nun, and the goat on the Brocken were cases in point. Even more damaging to his reputation was the suspicion that he was capable quite unwittingly of distorting a story to gratify his exhibitionism. In occult research there is no place for the unreliable reporter. Mr. Tabori has been a loyal and honest biographer, alive to his hero's failings as well as to his virtues. He recounts, very pleasantly, the often unfamiliar stories of the entertaining characters Harry Price either sponsored or exposed. But he does nothing to clear our minds on the great mystery Harry Price left behind him—what did or did not happen at Borley Rectory?

The Industrial Development of South Wales. By A. H. JOHN. *University of Wales Press, Cardiff.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The process by which capitalist enterprise converted South Wales from a sparsely populated land of small farmers into a highly developed industrial area has two distinguishable phases. From 1700 to the middle of the nineteenth century, iron and copper smelting were the dominant industries; from 1850 onwards, with the coming of railways and steamships, the emphasis shifted to coal-mining for export and, later, to large-scale steel and tin-plate works. It is with the first phase—in which Bristol was in effect the area's financial capital—that Mr. John deals in this scholarly and well-documented monograph. He has garnered a wealth of material, not readily accessible elsewhere, to illustrate the growth and financial methods of the enterprises established in Monmouthshire and Glamorgan by pioneers like the Homfrays and the Mansel family—an industrial epoch in which shortage of regional capital was a constant factor. Then came the more intensive exploitation of the coalfield which followed the Napoleonic War, and the influx of a population of miners whose lives were "of extreme toil, suffering and fate." Mr. John's chapters describing the reckless techniques of mining and the embittered "labour relations" in the first half of last century give a valuable clue to the beginnings of the class warfare which so long dominated conditions in the Welsh coalfield.

Pope's Essay on Man. By ALEXANDER POPE. Edited by Maynard Mack. *Methuen.* 30*s.*

Pope's Epistle to Several Persons. Edited by by F. W. BATESON. *Methuen.* 25*s.*

These volumes of the Twickenham Edition of Pope contain an introduction, text with published *variora*, and detailed commentary. Professor Mack, in his introduction, concentrates on examining the background of Pope's theodicy; and correcting the opinion that the *Essay* is no more than a record of Bolingbroke's Deism in "tuneful numbers." Many analogues in late seventeenth and early eighteenth century apologists and moralists reinforce the view that Pope was not entirely dependent on a single source, but was rather drawing from a common inheritance of ideas. Although, as Professor Mack convincingly shows, the *Essay* is not explicitly Christian in its terms, assumptions are often made in the course of its argument that suppose a fundamental orthodoxy. Professor Mack seems, however, to rate the poem a little too high, and he is perhaps overconcerned with expounding Pope's "thought" at the expense of the verse which embodies it. Brusque treatment is accorded to the language and purely literary influences of the *Essay*, though a considerable number of parallel passages are given in the commentary. Mr. Bateson's treatment of *The Epistles* is characteristically scholarly and pugnacious. *Of the Characters of Women* he considers the finest, though, in his view none of them is central to Pope's achievement. Interesting appendices cover the identity of "Atossa," and of "Timon," a composite portrait.

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Week-end Competitions

No. 1,107

Set by J. B. Roderic

Many authors who have gone to live in the country contribute nature journals to the Sunday, weekly and evening papers. The usual prizes are offered for a 150-word extract from such a journal by any one of the following: Ivy Compton-Burnett, Noel Coward, Ronald Firbank, Graham Greene, Christopher Isherwood, Somerset Maugham, Evelyn Waugh. Entries by May 22nd.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,104

Set by Richard Lister

Competitors are invited to invent characteristic comments on the Report of the Royal Commission on Gambling from any three of the following (150 words in all): Samuel Butler, Dr. Arnold, Dr. Johnson, Lord Chesterfield, Dr. Spooner, Bacon, J. S. Mill, Oscar Wilde.

Report by Richard Lister

A heap of good individual comments, though to match three proved very difficult. Spooner drew competitors on to a positive orgy; but surely enough is enough, and the simpler the better. Thus, Joyce Johnson produced the most brilliant Spoonerism with "... and betting shops, I see, are openly recommended. What magic treasure! ..." But she only spoils the effect by sandwiching it between two weaker ones. Dr. Arnold, hasn't, one realises now, a distinct enough idiosyncratic flavour to earn his place. Nor did J. S. Mill or Lord Chesterfield contribute very much. There were some good Bacons and each of the Samuel Butler's was given a run. The six entries printed below share the prize, for in each of them there is one entry much weaker than the other two. Honourable mention to Callitex, Granville Garley, J. R. Till, N. Hodgson, L. G. Udall.

DR. SPOONER

It is gratifying that the Commission does not see the organisers of parish whist-drives in the goal of Ramblers, for the needs of the Spire Fund are urgent. Experts advise the men now working on the choir to spit, as the whole thing is rotten, and unless it is speedily removed we may soon find half of our people lying in the stews.

DR. JOHNSON

Sir, a government that hopes to protect a people against its own folly is like a parent attempting to keep his son from an undesirable mistress. It brings opprobrium upon itself and adds fuel to the fires it is seeking to quench.

OSCAR WILDE

Now they're putting all the bookmakers on a register, like the doctors. It will be excessively confusing for everybody. The only difference will be that a doctor gets struck off for running after his clients, and a bookmaker for running away from his. E. M.

SAMUEL BUTLER

What the Report fails to observe is that gambling is the *only* moral activity of our people. The man who fills in his football coupon is inspired, even if only vaguely, by the incomparably mature moral conception that only with £20,000 in his pocket will he have attained a state of grace.

DR. JOHNSON

Sir, a folly is not less a folly if it occurs in a shop! Nor does an evil passion become a virtuous pursuit when its object is reduced from £75,000 to £20,000. The Report aspires to make the devil more handsome by rearranging his features on a new plan.

OSCAR WILDE

I think the Report quite charming. To fail to win £75,000 is such a strain; £20,000 is so much more easily dispensed with. Of course, whist will be *so* different now that the atmosphere of crime is removed from it: and I suppose we shall soon see crossword puzzles being solved *openly*. EDWARD BLISHEN

SAMUEL BUTLER

To win one of life's larger prizes, you must have great ability or great luck, indeed, it is preferable to possess both these virtues. If you are the possessor of great ability, there is no limit to the money you may lawfully acquire. But as only a few have great ability, why limit the chances of the rest of us to £20,000?

DR. JOHNSON

It is cant to assert that a betting shop would be any worse, or any better, than a grog shop, which we already tolerate. There is no settling the point of precedency between a louse and a flea.

J. S. MILL

I confess that when I lent my support to the principle of free education for the lower classes I did not foresee that one result would be that millions would waste vast quantities of their time and money in wagering on football matches. The whole pernicious Pool system should long ago have been abolished root and branch. H. T. S.

DR. JOHNSON

Among the anfractuosities of the human mind, the gambling instinct, Sir, is ineradicable. It is the triumph of hope over experience. Thus I look upon it that that instinct must be guided between too strict a morality and too pliant an expediency. Moreover, Sir, let the Whig dogs remember that there are few ways in which a man can be more innocently employed than in getting money.

DR. SPOONER

Keeping to the riddle of the mode, the Commission, waking up the Turk, suggests limiting the pope of the schools and defeating lawless attempts to beat the chook.

OSCAR WILDE

I know not whether Laws be right
Or whether Laws be wrong,
Or if the gods who lay the odds
Will make them short or long;
But once or twice to throw the dice,
Or back a fancied steed
To win or lose as Luck may choose
Is right in word and deed. GUY INNES

DR. SPOONER

I suggested once before that to ramble with good companions was tantamount to getting into the hut of a bad rabbit. I have now slightly revised that view, and feel that there is no game in shambling, unless of course, a man is too poor to stop his drakes. A pity, then, that the Betting Commissioners exploit such a lean mine by denying stenches to bakers.

DR. JOHNSON

Sir, the Commissioners lack bowels. You are to consider that although they may take up a stand themselves, they are not entitled to recommend that a stand should be made compulsory for others. Nay, sir, it is carrying uprightness too far when there is failure to recognize that even gamblers have a bottom of good sense.

SAMUEL BUTLER

No chairs for our bettors? I suggested facetiously to Jones that such a decision must be *ultra vires*, since it could come correctly only from a standing committee. ALLAN M. LAING

DR. SPOONER

I quite agree that we should not waste our time trying to exterminate hooted rabbits. All the same I think it would be a good idea if all tins were heavily waxed. It so often happens that a rambler's lucky gun brings disaster in its train.

BACON

For their findings, they are in the main to be commended, in that they seek not to eradicate this itch for wagering, but rather to control it as seemeth best. For who shall doubt, that if there were taken out of men's minds vain opinions, flattering hopes, false estimations and the like, but it would leave them poor shrunken things, full of melancholy and discomfiture?

OSCAR WILDE

It is only to be expected that the Churches would take strong exception to a report which is, after all, a complete tissue of facts. LESLIE JOHNSON

CHESS: No Pink Elephants

No. 84

For many competitors it has become a tradition to devote a long week-end to the noble purpose of garnering ladder-points. This Whitsun they can accumulate up to 40. So without further ado—to quote the favourite gambit of our more tongue-tied chairmen—here is **A**: White to mate in 8. This is not quite as formidable a proposition as it looks, and 5 ladder-points would seem to be a fair enough rating if I add the hint that the final position looks even odder than the beginning—so odd indeed that a non-abstemious competitor may well be excused in the belief of seeing pink elephants. In point of fact, what he will see is rather a case of equestrian abundance. If I said any more I might as well print the solution here and now.

A: W. A. Shinkman, 1903

B—White to mate in 8—and **C**, a 4-mover, look somewhat odd too, but they are quite easy enough to be rather over-rated with 4 points each, even if I give no hint at all.

B: W. A. Shinkman, 1887

As for **D**, this too is pleasing to look at; yet, while easy on the eye it is perhaps not quite so easy to solve. It is a 4-mover, and it should add 5 points to the garnerer's bag.

C: G. Latzel, 1937

No diagrams are required for **E** and **F**, since both—for a measly 3 points each—involve a mating attack started from the basic position. In **E**, White's first four moves are prescribed to be (1) P-KB3, (2) K-B2, (3) K-Kt3, (4) K-R4. This unorthodox opening is to be refuted by immediate mate. What then are to be Black's four moves, so as to accomplish mate on his 4th? In **F**, also starting from the basic position, White is to mate in 5. Obviously, this requires some co-operation on Black's part, the more so as there is yet another condition: the mate on White's 5th must be administered by his QR. I hope that so many trifles have not spoiled competitors' appetites for the more solid food of two studies which are not to be trifled with and well worth every one of the 8 points each of them is rated. They were the highly deserving prize-winners in a study competition adjudicated by Dr. Tarrasch and sponsored by the late Herr Kagan (who had been awarded the title "Lightning World Champion" by Emanuel Lasker). White to win in both studies.

D: C. W. Mann, 1907

G: F. Sackmann, 1922

H: K. Behting, 1922

Usual prizes. Entries by May 21.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set April 21

A: *Key*: Q-R5. If (1) . . . Q x Q, the forward QP advances and mates, promoted to Kt or Q respectively.

B: (1) K-Kt2, P-R5, (2) K-B3, P-R6, (3) K-Q4, P-R4, (4) K-K5, P-R5, (5) K-B6 !, P-Kt5, (6) K-Kt7, K-R4, (7) Kt-Kt3 mate.

C: (1) R-Kt1, P x Kt (Q), (2) K-R3 ch, Q x R.
If (1) . . . P x Kt (R), (2) K-R5 ch, R x R.
If (1) . . . P x Kt (R), (2) K-R5 ch, Kt-Kt2, (3) K-R6, R x R.

A good many competitors dropped a point or two (in **C**) by missing one or both of the variations stemming from the R promotion. Only eight flawless solutions, including those from stalwarts such as Eric Allan, D. E. Cohen, M. Kaye, A. J. Roycroft. Prizes shared by some who haven't tasted the cup of victory quite so often—E. W. Carmichael, J. C. Cock, E. Giles, Edgar Harrison. A cook discovered in **C** (R-K1) gets full marks. Next week will reveal the victors of the 2nd ladder "decade"; so this week's agglomeration of points should provide a good start for the third. ASSIAC

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COUPLE with studio residence, double garage, large gdn., leasehold, Kensington, would like small mod. flat Central London. Anyone interested in exchange? Box 3046.

AT present sleeping on Embankment. G. W. Stonier (Wm. Whitebait) would prefer flat there; unfurnished; top floor—bottom rent. Box 3456.

SMALL flat with garden wanted, not basement. St. John's Wood or Hampstead area. Willing to buy fittings and fixtures. Eveline Robertson. Tel. by day PAD. 5176.

TWO bachelor friends require room(s) with cooking facilities Belsize Park or Hampstead area pref. (not essent.) where the fact that one is a Pacifist and one Swedish is not objected to. Box 2764.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

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SUMMER SCHOOLS—continued

NORTH Riding Education Committee. North Riding Summer School, Scarborough. August 10-22, 1951. The Summer School will be held at the North Riding Training College, Scarborough. Courses will include: Music—Kenneth Anderson, B.Mus., F.T.C.L., A.R.C.M. A course devoted to the practice and performance of orchestral and chamber music. Drama and Movement—Edward Stanley and R. Shelly, The Bristol Old Vic Theatre Company. The course will be concerned with principles and practice applied to a particular play, which will be rehearsed and produced. Painting and Drawing—Maurice Sussmarer, A.R.C.A. Department of Fine Arts University of Leeds. Member of the New English Art Club. Henry Cliffe, Bath Academy of Art, Corsham will provide alternative lines of study—(1) Portrait and Landscape Painting; (2) Figure Composition and Mural Design. Inclusive fee for accommodation and tuition, 7gns. Non-resident students will be admitted at a fee of 10s. for each course. For further particulars, apply to The Secretary for Education, County Hall, Northallerton.

A SUMMER School in Amateur Opera will be held at St. John's College, York, from August 20 to 30, 1951, under the direction of Sumner Austin. Classes will be held in Grand, Classical, and Light Modern Opera, and lectures will be given covering all aspects of production and presentation. Apply for details to the Secretary, The Advisory Committee on Amateur Opera, c/o Noda, 9, Bernard Street, London, W.C.1.

SUMMER Courses in France & Italy—Cannes, 30 days, 38gns. (Special reduction for Univ. students.) Venice and Lake Garda, 21 days, 34gns. incl. Harold Ingham, 15 St. John's Road, Harrow, HAR. 1040.

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THE Eleventh Reel Summer School of Puppetry will be held in Guiting Power, in the Cotswolds, from August 16-30. Particulars from the Secretary, Reel Summer School, Reel Farm, Guiting Power, Glos.

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SCHOOLS—continued

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MISCELLANEOUS

A WEEKLY, fortnightly or monthly supply of Devonshire Clotted Cream by post from Major Moillet, Victoria House, Cheltenham. Send addressed envelope for details and order form.

MISCELLANEOUS—continued

SHAW'S favourite essay on himself: Bernard Shaw's Debt to William Blake, by Irving Finke, 7d. (with full membership 11s.; with assoc. mem. 5s. 6d.), Shaw Society, 45 Steeplestone Close, N.18.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

KING Edward's School, Birmingham. The Post of Head Master will be vacant from May 1, 1952, and the Governors invite applications for this appointment. In exceptional circumstances the Governors would be prepared to postpone the date of commencement of duties until September 1, 1952. The School is a Direct Grant School for Boys. The King Edward VI Foundation also comprises one High School for Girls (Direct Grant) and five Voluntary Aided Grammar Schools. Candidates, who must be graduates of some University in the United Kingdom, are requested to send three copies of their application and of not more than three testimonials on or before June 16, 1951, to the undersigned, from whom Forms of Application and further particulars may be obtained. The commencing salary of the post will be £2,300 per annum, rising by annual increments of £50 to a maximum of £2,800. In addition there will be a tax-free allowance for expenses of £200 per annum. A Head Master's House is provided rent free. There are no boarders at the School. C. C. Harries, Secretary, King Edward's School, Edgbaston Park Road, Birmingham, 15.

UNIVERSITY of Hong Kong. Applications are invited for appointment to the vacant post of Lecturer in Mathematics. Emoluments (shown for a married member of the staff normally resident outside Hong Kong or China, and inclusive of allowances): £1,400-£40-£1,640 p.a. Candidates should possess Honours degrees, preferably of a British University, and appropriate academic teaching experience. Appointment to a Senior Lectureship (£1,576-£40-£1,736 p.a.) will be considered for an applicant of outstanding merit and experience. The post is to be filled, if possible, by September, 1951. First Class sea passages, and furnished houses or flats at reasonable rentals, are provided for expatriate staff. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for receipt of applics. is May 18, 1951.

UNIVERSITY of Edinburgh. Department of Social Study and Training. Applications are invited for the post of Director of the Department of Social Study and Training in the University. The Director will have the status of a Senior Lecturer in the University, and the salary will be £1,400 per annum, together with superannuation benefits and family allowances where applicable. The successful candidate will be expected to take up duty on October 1, 1951, but this date may be extended in special circumstances. Further particulars may be obtained from the Secretary to the University, with whom applications, together with the names of three referees, should be lodged not later than May 31, 1951.

UNIVERSITY College of South Wales and Monmouthshire. Applications are invited for two posts in the Department of Economics and Social Science. (a) Lecturer in Economic Statistics at a starting salary within the range of £550 to £850 p.a. according to qualifications and experience. (b) Research Assistant in Economics for one year, with the possibility of renewal for a further one or two years. Salary £450 per annum. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Cathays Park, Cardiff, to whom six copies of application, together with the names and addresses of three referees, should be sent not later than May 18, 1951 (Signed) E. R. Evans, Registrar, Cathays Park, Cardiff.

LONDON County Council. Education Inspectorate. Inspectors of Housecraft. Applications are invited from women for appointment to two posts of Inspector of Housecraft in the London education service at a basic salary of £600 × £30—£810 × £35—£950, plus an addition of 10 per cent on the first £600 and of 7½ per cent on the amount by which salary exceeds £600 a year. In exceptional circumstances, an appointment above the minimum may be made. The duties will be to advise upon, organise and inspect housecraft education in various types of educational establishments and to perform such other duties as may be required. Applicants for both posts should have appropriate qualifications with varied experience in housecraft teaching. Experience in needlework teaching will be an additional recommendation, and one post may be offered to a candidate with special qualifications in this subject. The staff of housecraft inspectors includes a senior inspector, who exercises a general responsibility. Application forms, obtainable from the Education Officer (EO Estab2), The County Hall, London, S.E.1 (stamped, addressed foolscap envelope necessary), should be returned not later than May 18, 1951. Canvassing disqualifies. (436.)

BBC invites applications from men not over 45 for post of Master Carpenter, Television Service, Alexandra Palace. Experience in Television, stage or film scenic construction and ability to organise the work of the Carpenter's Shop and to supervise approximately thirty men are essential. Applicants must be fully qualified craftsmen, able to read drawings and to estimate materials and man-hours and conversant with modern methods of machine work. Salary £9 14s. 4d. for a 44-hour week but exceptional qualifications and experience may justify a higher figure. Detailed application to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Master Carpenter, N.Stn.,' within 7 days. For acknowledgement please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE County Council. Children's Visiting Officer (Female). Applications are invited for the above appointment for responsible work under the Children Act at a salary in Grades APT. I or II (£390 × £15 per annum to £435 or £420 × £15 per annum to £465) according to qualifications and experience. Preference will be given to candidates with a Social Science qualification or Child Care Certificate and with previous experience in boarding-out and Juvenile Court, adoption or family investigation duties. Application forms and further particulars are obtainable from the Children's Officer, Shire Hall, Nottingham, to whom completed applications should be returned by May 18, 1951. Canvassing will disqualify. K. Tweedale Meaby, Clerk of the County Council.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Harold Wood Hall Short-stay Home. Senior House Mother required to deputise for Superintendent and Matron when necessary. 30 boys and girls 3-15 years. Must have had previous residential experience with children. Salary £281 p.a. per annum, less £59 16s for full residential emoluments. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

CITY of Salford. Children Committee. Applications are invited for Resident Housemothers and Housemother-Cooks in Homes maintained by the Committee. Present rate of pay 1s. 9¼d. per hour for a 48-hour week, less a deduction of 23s. per week for full residential emoluments. For form of application send stamped addressed foolscap envelope to the Children's Officer, Broughton Road, Salford, 6, quoting "N.S.N." Applications to be in by May 19, 1951. H. H. Tomson, Town Clerk.

CITY of Salford. Children Committee. Applications are invited for the position of Matron of a centre which will be opened shortly for the temporary reception and observation of children. There will be a Warden in charge to whom the Matron will be responsible. Salary £235 rising to £290 per annum with emoluments valued at £180 per annum. For further particulars and form of application send stamped addressed foolscap envelope to the Children's Officer, Broughton Road, Salford, 6, quoting "N.S.N." Applications to be in by May 19, 1951. H. H. Tomson, Town Clerk.

WILTSHIRE County Council. Education Committee. Applications are invited for the following appointments: Leader-Organisers at Calne and Warminster. Duties include development of Youth Service activities in the town and acting as Warden of small Youth Centre. Recognised training and experience essential. Salary £360 × £15—£420 per annum. Superannuable, subject to medical examination. Canvassing disqualifies. Further particulars and application forms from Director of Education, County Hall, Trowbridge. P. L. Selborne Stringer, Clerk of the Council, County Hall, Trowbridge.

ASSOCIATED Lead Manufacturers, Ltd., require qualified Chemist for Technical development work in the Paint Laboratory of their Millwall works. Age up to 30 years. B.Sc. or equivalent qualifications, together with at least two years' experience in the Paint Industry essential. The post offers excellent opportunity to keen man who can fit into existing well-knit team. Excellent staff conditions and Pension Scheme. Applicants should write giving full personal particulars, details of education, training and experience and salary required in confidence to: Personnel Manager, Associated Lead Manufacturers, Ltd., 30/8 West Ferry Rd., E.14.

THE Orphan Homes of Scotland. The Executive Committee invite applications for the post of General Superintendent of the Orphan Homes, Bridge of Weir. The duties will comprise responsibility for the general administration of the Homes. Applicants should have had experience of a similar kind of work and must be in full sympathy with the work of the Homes. Applications, stating age, qualifications, experience, together with names of at least three referees or enclosing copies of recent testimonials, should be sent to: Chairman, The Orphan Homes of Scotland, Bridge of Weir, Renfrewshire.

"THE Schoolmaster and Woman Teacher's Chronicle," the weekly journal of the National Union of Teachers, req. assistant for general editorial duties. Salary £600-£700 according to quals. Applications, giving age, full particulars of education and exp., copies of recent testimonials, and names of two referees, should be made by May 25 to the Editor, Hamilton House, Hastings St., W.C.1.

AN experienced Master required September in established recognised N. London Day and Boarding School, developing small department for psychological and educational research. Partnership offered. Apply Box 3399.

INTERESTING and progressive careers at executive level offered to educated women, between the ages of 25 and 35 years, in Personnel Management. Good salary paid whilst acquiring experience of methods and organisation, with excellent prospects on appointment. Comfortable residential club in London during training, if required. Suitable candidates must be agreeable to appointment in any part of Great Britain. Write with full particulars of present post, education, experience and interests, to Box No. I.P.955, 10 Hertford St., London, W.1.

TRADE Union office requires clerical assistance. Knowledge shorthand-typing. Permanency. Also Junior. Please 'Phone PAD. 9097.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

REQUIRED (in London) by Int. Vol. Work Camp org. (Must be interested international understanding): (1) Assistant Sec. Duties mainly work camp org. and publicity. (2) Finance Officer. Accounting quals. desirable, not essential if suff. exp. Salaries according age and quals. (3) Warden (woman) E. London hostel (20 residents). Similar exp. preferred. Maintenance provided, remun. by arrangement. Box 3306.

RESIDENT Bursar-Caterer required end of May or early June for Training House (30 Students and 3 resident staff) for Moral Welfare Work. Responsible home-making post for woman interested in training side of Christian social work. Domestic science and book-keeping experience desirable. Further particulars, salary, etc., obtainable from The Warden, Josephin; Butler Memorial House, 34 Alexandra Drive, Liverpool, 17.

ST. Mary's Hospital, W.2. Applications are invited for the post of Secretary to the Pathological Museum. Duties attaching to the post include accurate cataloguing and coding of specimens and require competent shorthand typing. Possession of a Science Degree will be an advantage. Salary within the range £400 to £500 per annum according to qualifications and experience. Superannuation Scheme in force. Applications, together with names of two refs., to the undersigned within 10 days. Alan Powditch, House Governor.

JEWISH Board of Guardians requires state registered nurse to act as joint sister, convalescent home, Walton-on-the-Naze, Essex, (60 women, 20 men). Salary according to qualifications, with full residential emoluments. Excellent quarters. Apply in writing to The Secretary, Jewish Board of Guardians, 127 Middlesex Street, Bishopsgate, E.1.

WORKERS' Educational Association, London District, require a Bookkeeper-Typist. Varied and interesting work in adult education. Write, stating age, experience and salary required, to: Secretary, W.E.A., 28 Woburn Sq., W.C.1.

ASSOC. of First Division Civil Servants req. Typist-Clerk: shorthand useful. 5-day wk., 10-5. Starting sal.: £6-£7 10s. Write: Secry., Room 35, 5th Floor, Queen Anne's Chambers, Broadway, S.W.1, by June 4.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

PROFESSIONAL married couple (child 5) both successful in present jobs (London) seek complete change, preferably with accom. Home or abroad. Both country-lovers, fond of children, wide interests, competent, adaptable, very fit. Own car. No capital. Will consider any job regardless of remuneration or position. Box 2789.

WOMEN graduates and educated girls will shortly complete their training and become available for employment as secretaries and shorthand-typists. Good knowledge of commercial and professional procedure, secretarial duties, etc. Salaries £5 per week upwards. Interested employers, please write or phone Langham Secretarial College, 50 Fitzroy St., London, W.1. EUSton 5441.

TRAINED Social Worker (aged 36) seeks gen. welfare or casework in London for Summer months. Hospital appointment at present. Box 2808.

FRENCH lady, 19, arriving England May, excellent English, good knowledge French. English shorthand, typing, wide exp., good refs., seeks secretarial post London or Southern England. Write first inst. Box 3067.

MAN, 38, mature, fit, needs change of job. Inherent representative. 13 yrs. R.N. Medical Service. Chartered Physiotherapist. Manufacturing houses please note and reply to Ernest Martin, 29 Monk Rd., Bristol, 7.

SCHOLARSHIPS

GORDONSTOUN School. Entrance Scholarships. Scholarships (up to £135 per annum according to the requirements of the parents) are offered for award in 1951 by the Gordonstoun Society. One of these will be reserved for a boy wishing to join the Nautical Department with a view to entering the Royal Navy or Merchant Service. Age limits 12½ to 14½ years on September 1, 1951. The written examination to be taken at the candidate's school, will be on June 18, 19 and 20. Candidates who qualify will be summoned for interview at Gordonstoun at the end of July. Details on application to the Director of Studies, Gordonstoun, Elgin, Morayshire. Final date for entry forms to be returned to Gordonstoun June 4, 1951.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

REGULAR typing required at home arrangement author, etc. Ross, MEA 1333.

FORBES-Davidson for accurate typing at mod. charges. Prompt and efficient service. 23 Alwyne Rd., N.1. CAN. 4748.

TYPING, MSS & general. Miss Aldridge, 50 Bloomsbury St., W.C.1. MUS. 4833.

ALL kinds of typewriting work. Accurate. Moderate charges. Henry Crowhurst, 3 Laurel Bank, Storrington, Sussex.

ABBEY Secretarial Bureau, 157 Abbey House, Victoria St., S.W.1. (ABB 3771.) First-class typing. Rapid duplicating (in colours), circularising, theses, testimonials, etc.

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LITERARY typing, 7-day service all MSS., 4-day emergency service for urgent work. Articles/short stories, etc., by return. Dictating machine service. Duplicating (24-hour service), indexing, editing, proof reading, cataloguing, etc. Translns. (all languages). Qualified Secretaries at short notice. Secretarial Aunts, 324/5 High Holborn, W.C.1. HOL. 5831. Also Pantiles Chambers, 87 High St., Tunbridge Wells. Tel. 1255.

MILDRED Furst—Typewriting of every description undertaken under personal supervision, by careful and intelligent typists. Express service if desired. Duplicating 24 hours. Special checking service for theses. Translations, 267 Goldhurst Terrace, London, N.W.6. Mal. 7479.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

NEW Facts about War—see "The Socialist Party and War." 100 pages. Read this new booklet, 1s. 2d. post paid, Soc. Party of G.B., 52 Clapham High St., London, S.W.4.

UNITARIANS. What do they believe? Information and literature on receipt of stamp, from Mrs. Dickin, Hill Top, Park Rd., Bridport, Dorset.

AMERICAN magazines: Nat. Geog. Mag., Popular Mechanics, Fortune etc. by postal subscription. Send for details: Thomas & Co. (N.S.N.), 111 Buchanan St., Blackpool.

"PASTEURISED Milk: A National Menace" 7d.: Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh 9.

LYSENKO'S article on species. Also reports U.S.S.R. visits. Parker on plays, etc. Details education in factories. Anglo Soviet Journal, Spring 1951. Bookshop, or 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. 2s. 6d. (post 3d.). Index Vol. XI., 6d.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd. W.14. FUL. 7924.

HAMMERSMITH Bookshop. Books bght. Nr. Lyric Theatre, W.6. RIV. 6807.

DEUTSCHE Literatur wanted and sold by Continental Book Supply, 32A Cholmeley Park, N.6. Tel. MOU. 1462.

PRE-WAR Novels wanted. No pocket editions. Please quote to J. Clarke Hall, Ltd., Wine Office Court, E.C.4.

GERMAN books displayed in 6 rooms. Libris, now at 38A Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI 3030. Books bought.

BOOKS, 2nd-hand, posted. Write for lists. Silverdale, 114 Newcity Rd., Glasgow.

BOOKS wanted. Highest prices paid for pre-war books by popular authors. Up to half published price for recent novels in fine condition. Selected titles of Reprint Society & Readers Union. Private libraries purchased. Berger & Tims, Fiction Library Service, 159 Victoria St., S.W.1. 'Phone VICtoria 9427.

ENGLISH and German Novels wanted for cash. Pulteney & Co., 338, Kings Rd., S.W.3. FLAxman 1194.

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street. Central 3907. Books bought in any quantity. Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: E.M.G. Gramophone, Mark 10.B, excellent condition, £40; Italian and Russian Linguaphone Records; Linguaphone, French records, offers; Fordigraph Duplicating Machine, as new, £7 10s./offer; Typewriter, standard 4-bank; Broadwood Piano (upright), exceptionally fine instrument, reconditioned by makers, 75gns.

WANTED: Epidiascope; "Horizon" complete or long run; Books on Wine; Books on Typography and Bibliography; Books Illustrated by Arthur Rackham; Typewriter, urgent, must be good model.

Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, 10 Great Turnstile, mentioning advt., and details (separate letter for each item). Charges under this heading, 2s. first word, 10d. a word after, including forwarding replies.

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PERSONAL

CAN you offer a place in your home to a lively boy of 12 who needs intelligent understanding and affection in a lasting foster home? Please reply to the L.C.C. Area Children's Officer, 313-319 Harrow Rd., W.9. (532)

M.P.'s Sec. (young widow), high sh./t. speeds, seeks job, pref. Cornwall, rustic summer months. Also literary exp., ideally suited author. Norn. sal. if residential, might consider pt.-time/wk.-end job if well paid. Adaptable, car driver, able run house. Box 3202.

WOULD anyone come help woman writer in difficulties through illness? Beautiful inconvenient ancient cottage. Salary. Freedom. Frances Bellerby, Flash Mill, Upton Cross, Liskeard, Cornwall.

WANTED: Someone accompany family on Broadstairs holiday. May 22-Aug. 1. Board and allowance in exch. for light housekeeping and occas. care of children. Private room; 2 full days and more off wkly. Must have fondness for children; refs. Box 3400.

ARTIST (woman) requires part-time art work. Adaptable. Box 2794.

MASTER, free in September from Government work, offers French, Latin, German to Higher Certificate and Scholarship standard. London or London area only. Box 2807.

AUTHOR'S roomy period house, 3 acres, unspoilt village 21 miles London, 40 mins. train service Festival, available August. Bank House, Chipstead, Sevenoaks, Kent.

TO let: small trailer caravan Pembs. coast, £3 wkly. June-Sept. Box 2242.

RIVIERA. 1-2 seats vacant Jaguar, depart London morning June 8, return June 24. Box 3056.

DEVON, August. An informal House-Party, mainly young professional people, offers friendly welcome to those in quest of a pleasant and interesting holiday. Tennis, bathing, dancing. Glorious sands. 3 mins. sea. Reasonable weekly terms. Box 2809.

REALLY first-class secretary expecting baby Nov. skts. lightish secretarial job until Aug. to help with expenses. Box 2882.

FESTIVAL accom.? Doctor will exchange modern house, 4 bedrms., frig., geyser, 30 mins. Victoria, for family holiday house Devon, Cornwall, July or Aug. Box 2885.

ARTIST wishing continental tour skts. compan., m., with car. 50-50 exps. Box 2930.

WANTED, holiday séjour July 15-September 15 for student—Austrian, 14 years, of good family, in country household to improve language. We offer board & lodging in country house near Salzburg, two bedrooms. Family couple or child whatever time wanted. Box 2987.

MAJORCA/Riviera, priv. parties, 15 days, 29gns. 9 Poultons St., S.W.5.

ASHDOWN Forest. Holiday bungalow, sleeps 7, e.l., cal. gas, Elsan, gar., large orchard. Ideal walking; sea 23 miles. £3 10s. p.w. Box 2806.

CHILDREN'S Summer Holidays in Devon. At Odam Hill School and Children's Farm. Riding, in- and outdoor games, ample food. Modern child-care, backed by 16 years' experience. Children from abroad may join school during term. R. A. & A. J. Falkner, B.A., South Molton, Devon.

YACHT for charter June, July, possibly other times also; 21-ton auxiliary cutter, 6 berths, comfortable, good cruising boat; £20 per week; skipper required unless charterer experienced. Lying Solent. Box 2276.

TO let June, July, 2-rmd. furn. service flat, kit., bath, in mod. block (resnt. on premises), Hampstead, 6gns. Box 2618.

TO let August, Constable country, easily run 5 bedroomed house. Every amenity. Beautiful situation. Write Hill Farm House, Bures, Suffolk.

COUNTRY week-ends. Unconven. hachold. would welcome tired Londoners. Just relax, sleep, eat. Fri.-Mon. 35s. sgle., £3 dbl. No extras. Old Vicarage, Hartford, Hunts.

ZEST for work & pleasure! A 7-day Relaxation/Nature Cure regime in a delightful bijou Guest House will restore mental and physical poise and vigour to the tired personality. Brochure: Vernon Symonds, "The Brooklands," Halloway Place, Hastings. Tel. Hastings 2832.

PRIVATE treatment in illness. Members (including dependents) of the B.U.P.A. can make private arrangements for Specialist treatment, Nursing Home, etc., and the Association refunds all or part of cost. Write for descriptive brochure to Ref. 37/14, The British United Provident Association, 61 Bartholomew Close, London, E.C.1.

ACCOMMODATION for vacation conferences, overseas students, etc. 20 mins. Central London; large garden, tennis courts, common room. 70 bedrooms, central heating, h. & c. Enquiries to The Warden, King's College Hall, Champion Hill, S.E.5.

FURN. flat to let (Hampstead) last 2 weeks June or 1st 2 weeks July, sleeps 3. Near bus and tube, 30 mins. Festival site. Daily char. 5½gns. p.w. Box 3187.

HALL for hire Leics. Sq. Dances, Socials, Plays, etc., 17 Irving St. WHI. 3678.

20 Wine Mistakes! Organised by The Friends of Wine. Call at Canterbury's, between May 16 and 19 inclusive, 17 King St., St. James', S.W.1, and win a prize!

PERSONAL—*continued*

ESTABLISHED literary agents will consider book-length material of all kinds, excluding Poetry and Drama. Return postage with all MSS. Representation in the U.S.A. and on the Continent. Richmond Towers, Ltd., 1 Bloomsbury St., London, W.C.1. Tel.: MUSeum 1794-5.

ROBUTTI Clinic, Alassio, Italian Riviera. Superbly situated Private Clinic for the care and treatment of physical and psychosomatic illness (including asthma and anxiety states); also for convalescence and high protein diet. X-Rays, physical therapy, etc. English and Italian speaking physicians and nurses. Enquiries: Secretary, 3 Upper Brook St., W.1.

"HOW I Cured My Duodenal Ulcer," by John Parr. At all booksellers, 8s. 6d. net. Published by Michael Joseph, Ltd., 26 Bloomsbury St., W.C.1.

CHILDREN'S Camp. A camping holiday for boys and girls over 11 yrs. August 1-15. Sea coast Isle of Wight. 3gns. p.w. Particulars from Burgess Hill School, Oak Hill Park, London, N.W.3.

FOREST School Camps for boys and girls, aged 6½-18, July 31 to August 30, 1951. Staff experienced in camping and trekking. A holiday and an experience. Apply: A. R. Cobb, 19 High St., Trumpington, Cambridge.

CONFERENCES, up to 30 persons, can be held at Braziers Park, Ipsden, Oxon. Apply now for September and after. Warden.

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AUGUST in Burgundy. 16 days all inclusive £14 10s. Accommodation in modern agricultural centre. Work on farms available if desired reduce cost of holiday. Write for brochure to "Jeunes de France," 7a Addison Ave., Holland Park, W.11. Tel. PARk 7265.

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AUSTRIA'S beautiful St. Wolfgang, 2m. lake, half-villa, s.c. 2 rooms, veranda, kitchen, to let Mid-May to end Sept. £4 p.w. Accommodates 4. Suit students. Also partial board for £3 17s. 6d. p.w. in July. Phone mornings MAI 7284.

PARIS during Bastille week and 2,000th anniversary festivities. Spend an enjoyable and interesting holiday with my party, July 13-22. 9gns., including river cruise and excursions. Details: John Robertson, 61, Fellows Road, N.W.3. PRI. 1370.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

INSTANTANBOUS French from a few minutes' daily play with Vocabulet cards. 6s. 6d., Florestan Co., 36 Downside Rd., Sutton, Surrey.

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SWITZERLAND. P.G.'s taken by young couple in large, ideally situated Chalet in sunny Alpine valley above Montreux. Wonderful view, every comfort. Good motoring district, walks & flowers, tennis, swimming, riding, fishing. For illus. brochures please enc. Internat. Stamp Coupon. C.B. Wilmot-Allistone, Chalet Bon Accueil, Château-d'Oex.

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SHORT Story Writing. Send 2½d. for "Stories that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and prospectus of world-famous course, Regent Institute (B/191), Palace Gate, W.8.

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PERSONAL—*continued*

WINE is so easy to enjoy. See if you have a natural palate. Enter the Wine Tasting Competition. First prize, a week among the vines. No charge whatever. Apply: Friends of Wine, 1 Vintners' Place, E.C.4.

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CONTINENTAL holidays in fresh fields or familiar places tailored to your taste and pocket or off-the-peg from £23 10s. for 16 days. Brochure on request from: Fairways and Swinford (Travel) Ltd., Dept. F, Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard St., London, S.W.1. ABBey 2214/5.

WE know that lovely little place you've been thinking about and can arrange a perfect Continental holiday for you. £27 incl. Allways, 17 Sicilian Avenue, W.C.1.

SUNSHINE holiday: you will be sure of sun, excellent bathing, and interesting company if you join one of my small parties to Costa Brava, Spain, June 1 or September 7, or sunshine holidays to Italy and France. Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

CORSICA. An enchanting fortnight under canvas amongst the pines by the Mediterranean. Perfect climate and wonderful scenery. Swimming, games, dancing, etc. Good food. By air from London, including 2 nights in Paris, £38. Also individual holidays arranged. Pomfrey & Partners, Ltd. (Corsica Tourist Office), 22 Bury Place, W.C.1. HOL. 4846.

LONDON Panel of Personal Consultants. Please write for brochure to the Hon. Secretary, 10 York Gate, N.W.1.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

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P.P.S. Of course it's arranged by Harold Ingham, 15 St. John's Rd., Harrow. He makes similar arrangements in France, Austria and Switzerland. Ring him at HARrow 1040.

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KESWICK. Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, for restful or invigorating hols. Unique position at head of Lake Derwentwater. Festival Cycle Tours. June 9-30. Vegans welc. Anne Horner. Phone 508.

SWITZERLAND. Hotel Pension Lindte, Oberhofen a/Thunersee. Sm. htl. directly by Lake. V. mod. prices. Families welc.

HASTINGS 4571. Reputed for congenial guests, with broad outlook, excel. meals, lovely gardens. Ideal for rest. Summer: 4½-6gns. Recom. Labour Party. "Continental," 10 Albany Rd., St. Leonards-on-Sea.

CORNWALL. Treharrock Manor: Farm produce. Cream. Surf-bathing Polzeath. Golf Rock. Cornwall's loveliest beaches. Port Isaac 207.

CORNWALL. Port Isaac. Really one of Cornwall's Gems. Stay at The Lawns Hotel where food and comfort matter. Unrivalled position overlooking bay. Running water in all bedrooms. Terms 4½-6gns. weekly. Ideal for leisure or home 291.

IF you have been ill, try Old Plaw Hatch, nr. East Grinstead. Excellent food, bracing air and cheerful, friendly atmosphere. Club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

PORTHLEVEN, S. Cornwall. Tye Rock Hotel. A.A. recommended. Just above sea, in 3 acres grounds. Modern comfort; exc. "home" cooking. Vacancies to Mid-July. Tel.: 316.

YOU must visit Cliftonville's charming Palm Bay Hotel! A few vacancies left during June to September. Facing sea, radio diffusion in every room, television, cocktail bar, and all modern comforts. Write for brochure or telephone Margate 385.

S.W. Cornish fishing village. Rest, relax, refresh in Terre Vean Private Hotel, Porthleven. Lt.-Cdr. H. C. Saltry, R.N. (Rtd.).

LONDON. "West Court," Earls Court, S.W.5. Quiet, comfortable, min. Tube (9 min. run Piccadilly, etc.). FRObiner 6492.

SWITZERLAND. Hotel Kurhaus Grieralp, Bernese Oberland, 4,950ft. Restful summer holiday. Lovely walks. Easy climbing. Ascents. Every comfort. Excellent cooking. Rates from 12 to 16 francs per day. Write for prospectus.

DEVON and Cornwall. Ideal for May holidays. Guest Houses Dawlish, Newquay. Free brochure 18: Bishop, Fairfield, Dawlish. Tel: 2151.

CHELTENHAM Spa. For pleasant holidays at any season. Lovely Cotswold country, bracing air, sport, music, entertainment. For rail services enq. at stations, offices, agents. Free guide: Dept. 40, Town Hall.

WHERE TO STAY—*continued*

"ASHLEY Courtenay Recommended," is your guarantee of a good hotel irrespective of size. A descriptive account of some 550 of his personally inspected and recommended hotels, will be found in the new edition of "Let's Halt Awhile in Britain." Price 8s. 6d. from your bookseller, or 9s. (post free) from Ashley Courtenay, Ltd. (Dept. N.S.), 68 St. James's St., London, S.W.1.

EDINBURGH. Bed, bfast., attractive rms. 6/-. H. & C. 16 Rothesay Pl. CEN. 4871.

PENARTH. "Vegetarian Guest Ho." Rectory, S. Wales coast. Ideal situ. Plent. hol. resort. O'Tkg. sea. Attractive caterg. Brochure.

ALL recent weeks were mostly fully booked at Normanhurst (28 beds) but vacancies remain for all weeks in May and June at time of going to Press. Our terms include gratuities; early morning tea to room; 4 meals daily; coffee; baths; heated bedroom in cool weather; sprung interior mattress; h. & c. in bedroom; easy chairs for all in two well-appointed lounges; and above all congenial fellow guests. £4 10s. to £7 12s. 6d. weekly according to position and floor. Mostly double or twin-bedded rooms. Recommended by readers of the New Statesman, members of Toc H, W.V.S. social workers, etc. All in sympathy their ideals cordially welcomed. Normanhurst Private Hotel, 12 Eversfield Parade, St. Leonards-on-Sea. Best position, opposite all-weather promenade; medically commended.

LAKES. Charming old mansion. Beaut. view. 40 acres grnds. Mod. furn. Mod. terms. Croft Hotel, Ambleside. Tel. 334.

"BIDE-a-While Book." Unique guide to good hotels, inns, guest houses, in Britain's loveliest holiday counties. Post free 2s. 6d. N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet St., Torquay.

BROOKLANDS Farm, Dallington, Heathfield, Sussex. Comfortable quarters. Farm produce. Log fires, e.l., c.h.w. 60 acres. From 4½gns. weekly. Tel. Rushlake Green 321.

WHY not a holiday or week-end in the lovely Teme valley? Comfort and personal service at Oak House, Clifton-on-Teme, Nr. Worcester. Garage.

NR. CORNWALL coast, Cottage Guest Hse. A Sands, bathing, surfing, buses, 5 mins. H. & C. No extras. Mod. rates. Clifton Cottage, Treknow, Tintagel. Tel. 72.

BETWEEN Lune Valley and Lakeland. Georgian country house on wooded estate in lovely setting. Modern comforts. Home produce. Yealand Manor, nr. Carnforth.

BOURNEMOUTH. — Connaught Court Hotel. Now extras. Mod. rates. 1 acre grounds. Every comfort. Attractive food. 6gns. wkly. 7-8gns. June onwards.

IN the heart of the lovely Lammermuirs, yet only 32 miles from Edinburgh. Rathburne Hotel, Longformacus, Duns. Home produce, excellent cooking, 3,000-volume library, trout streams, riding; children catered for. "Out of the World and into Longformacus."

THE Old Hope Anchor Hotel, Rye. Good food, soft beds, a warm hotel; radiators, h.w. in every bedrm. Apply Proprietor.

HASTINGS. St. Leonards-on-Sea. Kendal Hotel, 78 Marina, on sea front; completely modernised. H. & C. in all bedrooms. Terms: Oct. to May, 3½-5gns.; summer, 5-7gns. Phone: Hastings 5110.

EIRE, Mountain View Hotel, Achill Island, Dugort, Co. Mayo. Ideally situated midst mountains & sea, good bathing strand, excellent catering; terms £5 10s Mrs. S. H. Hoban.

BRIGHTON. "The Orient Private Hotel," Oriental Place, Brighton 224751. 1 min. sea. Separate tables, H. & C. all bedrooms. Sunny, spacious lounge. Exc. cuisine. Mod. terms. Highly recomnd. Brochure on request.

HASTINGS. "Oakhurst," The Ridge. Tel. Baldslow 0444. Every mod. con. 15 acres, excellent vegetarian cuisine. 25 bedrooms, 4½-6½gns. Non-vegetarians will also be delighted with the meals and congenial atmosphere. Brochure on request.

BOURNEMOUTH, Whitehall Hotel. A.A. R.A.C. Overlooking Central Gardens Bridge Hostess. 57 bedrooms. H. & C. Telephones. Lift. Very central. Reduced winter terms. Summer terms 8 to 11gns. Phone: B'mouth 7159/6/7.

WEST Coast of Ireland. Come early and enjoy the Atlantic breezes and good food. Avondale House, Mallaranny, Co. Mayo.

NATURIST Sun-bathing holidays. In sunny Devon at Britain's best Sun Club. Full facils., and mod. cons., nudist sun and air bathing. Write (enc. 1s.) for brochure: Sec. (C), N. Devon Club, Beaworthy, Devon. Sunbathers' magazine listing 55 British Sun Clubs, 1s. 3d. post free.

SPRING holidays. St. Leonards is recommended (sheltered from N. and N.E. by high ground). Normanhurst Private Hotel is beautifully warm with central heating. See advert near head of column.

17TH Century Farmhouse in beautiful wooded valley, 3 miles Watergate Bay, 6 miles Newquay. Excel. food, cream, poultry daily. Vacancies from June 7. 4½-6½gns. Tregoose Farm, St. Columb, Cornwall. Tel. 144.

DARTMOOR, near Dartmeet. Guests received in lovely old Devon cottage, modernised. Bed and breakfast or board. Mod. terms. Fishing, riding. Particulars: Mrs. Napier, Luna Cottage, Hexworthy, Yelverton, Devon.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

NEW Subscription Rates will be found on page 529.

ENTERTAINMENTS

SHAKESPEARE Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon. 92nd season. Evs. 7.30. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2.30. All seats bookable, 2s. 6d.-12s. 6d., London Agents or Theatre.

ST. MARTIN'S. Tem. 1443. Ntly. 9 p.m., M., Th., S., 6.30, 9. "After the Show," late night revue. Beryl Reid, Robert Dorning.

ARTS (Tem. 3334). Last 2 perfs. St. & Sun., 5 & 8. Shaw Festival Programme 1. Wd. nat. & Evgs. 7. Programme 2. Mems.

UNITY, BUS. 5391. "The Word of the King." Weds. to Suns. 7.30. Mems. 2s. 6d.

"EVERYMAN," the great medieval play. At the Festival Church, St. John's, Waterloo Rd. (Opp. Waterloo Stn.). May 17-June 9 (ex. Suns.), 9.30 p.m. lasting an hr. Thrs., Festival Ch. Box Office, WAT. 4721.

CROSBY Hall, Cheyne Walk, S.W.3. Shakespeare Stage Society. "Macbeth." May 14-19, 8 p.m. Box Off. 10-12.30, 96 Charlotte St., W.1. LAN. 0037. 5s. & 10s. 6d.

ASIAN Institute, 17 Irving St., Leicester Sq., W.C.2. WHI. 3678. "The Post Office," a play by Rabindranath Tagore. Five performances only, from May 15. Adm. 3s. 6d. and 5s. Advance bookings only. Limited seats, make reservations now.

ARENA present "Manalive!" a Festival of Britain Late Night Review. Nightly Mon. to Fri. at 10.30, matinées Sun. 4.30, from May 21. Tickets 3s. 6d., 6s., 7s. 6d. Irving Gallery Theatre, 17 Irving St., Leicester Sq. Tel. WHI. 3678.

PEOPLE'S Palace. Adv. 3331. Sun., May 13, 7.30. "Mio Figlio Professore" (U).

EVERYMAN, HAM. 1525. Until May 19: de Sica's "Shoe-Shine" (A). From May 14: Louis Jouvet, Simone Renant in "Quai Des Orfevres" (A).

BRITISH-Polish Friendship Society (LAN. 6593). Two new Polish films: "Warsaw's East-West Route" (with English commentary) and "The New Art." Fri., May 11, at 7.45 p.m., at 81 Portland Place, W.1. Entrance free. All are welcome.

YORK Festival of the Arts, June 3-17. First production for 400 years, unique York Mystery Plays. Hallé Orchestra, L.P.O., Y.S.O., Barbirolli, Boult, Sabata, famous soloists. Details and bookings: Festival Office, York or theatre ticket agencies.

MONTEVERDI Vespers of 1610 (Presented by Morley College Concerts Society). Royal Festival Hall, Wed., May 16, at 8. Morley College Choir, Philharmonia Orchestra. Conductor: Walter Goehr. Tickets: 12s. 6d., 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d., from Box Office, Royal Festival Hall (Wat. 3191), usual Agents and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1.

LONDON Contemporary Music Centre, 17 R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., Pall Mall, S.W.1. Tues. next, at 7.30. Frank Bridge: Second Trio; Alan Rawsthorne: Quartet for Clarinet and Strings; John Ireland: Fantasy Sonata for Clarinet and Pianoforte; Maurice Ravel: Trio. Soloists: Frederick Thurston, Jean Pougnet, Frederick Riddle, Anthony Pini, Angus Morrison. Tkts., 5s. at R.B.A. Galleries and Chappell's. (May. 7600.)

ELSE Cross (Pianoforte) and Rosemary Rapaport (Violin). Wigmore Hall, Thurs., May 17, at 7.30. Sonatas by Busoni, Arnold Cooke (1st perf.), Beethoven. Huginnau. Tickets: 9s., 6s., 3s., at Hall and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1.

RECITALS of English Song (presented by the B.B.C.). Wigmore Hall, Monday next, at 8. Songs by Purcell realized by Britten: Song-Cycle "The Land of Lost Content," John Ireland; Songs Sacred and Profane, John Ireland; Folk Songs arranged by Britten. Soloists: Joan Cross, Peter Pears, George James, Benjamin Britten, John Ireland. Tickets, 9s. and 6s. and Prospectus from Hall (Wel. 2141), Agents and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd.

R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., Haymarket. Next week's concerts: Wed. at 8: Myra Newland, soprano, Montagu Cleeve, violin, Marjorie Wardle and Laurence West, piano, string ensemble. Fri. at 8: Poetry and Music: Sylvia Read, Doris Hibbert, piano, 5s., 3s., at door, Chappell's, agents. Director of Concerts: Nicholas Chaveaux.

CENTRAL Hall, Wed., May 16 at 7.30 p.m. Concert Version of Tchaikovsky's Opera "Eugen Onegin." Artists: Valentina Aksarova, Andrew Kirikoff, Martin Lawrence, Charles Danson, Jean Grayston. Tickets 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. WHI. 4259 & PRI. 4336.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak F'ship. League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Dance-Social Sat. May 12. 7.30-11 p.m. Band. Adm., members 2s. 6d., guests 3s. 6d., inc. refs.

EXHIBITIONS

THE Historic Plate of the City of London. Goldsmiths' Hall, Foster Lane, Cheapside. Open until June 16. Weekdays 10.30-5.30. Admission 2s.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., & Old Bond St., W.1. "The English Scene": Important British Paintings from 5 Centuries. Romney, Constable, Palmer, Whistler, Sickert, etc. 10-5.30; Sat. 10-1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED Facsimile of Cezanne's water colour "Still Life with chair, bottle & apples" is published this week at £4 4s. plus purchase tax £1 19s. 11d. Copies on show at 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

BRITISH Painting, 1925-1950 (First Anthology). New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington St., W.1. An Arts Council Exhibition. Open till June 9. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6. Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1s.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. 20th-C. Century Poetry.

SLATTER Gallery. Important Dutch and Flemish Masters. 10-5.30, Sat. 10-1, 30 Old Bond St.

TWENTY Brook Street. Re-opens May 23: Modern Masters and Artists of To-day.

BRIGHTON: The Royal Pavilion with Regency furniture. Open daily including Sundays, 10-5.

DENNIS James. Watercolours & Drawings April 25 to May 19. Paul Alexander Gallery, 190 Kensington Church St., W.8.

ROUAULT. Miserere Engravings at The Zwemmer Gallery, 26 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Open 10-6, Sats. 10-1, until May 19.

MARLBOROUGH, 17/18 Old Bond St., W.1 Renoir: 45 Paintings—extended to May 30. Daily 10-5, Sat. 10-12. Admission 2s. 6d.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Gericault to Renoir. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

FESTIVAL Exhibition of Contemporary Furniture and Furnishings in rooms showing schemes for town and country living. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

EUGENE Boudin (1824-1898). Oils & Water Colours. Gimpel Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. May 1-June 2.

FESTIVAL Exhibition of Books, org. by the National Book League at the Victoria & Albert Museum. Dly. 10-6, Sun. 2.30-6. Adm. 1s. Children under 5 not admitted.

BATTERSEA Park, L.C.C. International Open Air Sculpture Exhib. 10 till dusk daily. May-Sept. Adm. 1s., children 6d.

SOUTH Bank Past and Present. 2,000 years on Thames-side. County Hall adj. Festival. 10-8 ex. Sun. Adm. 1s. Children 6d.

CONSTABLE and his Contemporaries. Exhibition of paintings at Burgh House, Well Walk, Hampstead, N.W.3. May 14 to June 30. Open daily (exc. Sundays), 10-7. Adm. 1s.

SPLENDID Occasions: an exhibition of old prints and engravings. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till June 9. Mons., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6., Tues., Thurs., 10-8. Adm. free.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. First Exhibition in England of Sculpture and Drawings by Marino Marini. Weekdays 10-5.30, Saturdays 10-1.

DANISH Art Exhibition at Artists House, Manette Street, Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2. Daily 10-5 inc. Saturdays. Adm. free.

IRVING Gallery, 17 Irving St., Leicester Sq. Landscapes and Ceramics by C. Kar, and a collection of English Paintings. Until May 25.

HENRY Moore. An Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Open till July 29. Week-days 10-6, Sundays 2-6. Adm. 1s.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Hours 10-6, Sats. 10-1. Paintings by the American Impressionist Thomas Buford Meteyard; Roy Hobdell; Jane Vestey; handwoven Dress Fabrics by Gordon Crook. Exhib. closes May 26.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

A.Sc.W. Festival Lectures, Caxton Hall. May 18, Dr. Joseph Needham, F.R.S., on "Science and the Underdeveloped Regions"—Chairman, Ritchie Calder. May 25, Sir James Scott Watson on "Science and Food"—Chairman, Dr. John Hammond, F.R.S. June 5, Lord Halsbury on "Science and Industry"—Chairman, Professor P. M. S. Blackett, F.R.S. June 15, Dr. J. Bronowski on "Science and Power"—Chairman, Lord Haden-Guest. Tickets for the series 5s., for individual lectures 2s. Each lecture commences at 7.30 p.m.

NATIONAL Secular Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn, W.C.1. Whit-Sunday evening at 7. Demonstration (Following the Annual Conference N.S.S.). Chairman R. H. Rosetti (President N.S.S.). Speakers: J. T. Brighton (Newcastle), H. Day (Bradford), F. A. Ridley, Bert T. M. Mosley (Nottingham), F. A. Ridley (London). Admission free. Reserved seat 1s. each.

SHAW Society. May 21: Shaw Supper. May 25: Readings by "Sagittarius" & others, 57 Dean St., W.1. (Non-mems. 1s. 6d. at door or 1s. in advance from 45 Steeplestone Close, N.10). June 2: Theatre visit. June 3: Ramble & reading, Epping Forest (leave Loughton Sta. 11.30). Future spkrs.: Jill Balcon, Compton Mackenzie, etc. Full mem. 10s. 6d.

SOVIET Labour Law: Lecture by Andrew S. Rothstein, Thurs., May 17, 7.30, Anglo-Soviet Law Assoc., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8.

DAVID Saville Muzzey: "Am I Free Man's Worship." At the Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, Queensway, W.2. Sunday, May 13, at 11 a.m.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

MISS Alma S. Wittlin, Ph.D., will speak on "Why and How Museums came into being." ("The Human Quest for Knowledge and Beauty" with slides). May 18 at 17 Great Cumberland Place, Marble Arch, 8.15 p.m. All welcome.

BELGIAN Institute, 6 Belgrave Sq., S.W.1. Thursday, May 17, at 6.30 p.m., lecture in French by Colonel B.E.M., Henri Bernard, on "Les opérations aéroportées dans le passé et dans l'avenir." Entr. free.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. May 19, at 6 p.m. M. Yves Gocau: "Boutel et ses chansons."

PROF. George Catlin, M.A., Ph.D., will lecture on "Christianity and the Colour Bar" at Kingsway Hall, on May 16 (Wed.) at 7.45 p.m. Admission free. L.C.P., 19 Old Queen St., S.W.1.

INST. of Contemporary Arts, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. Gro. 6186. May 17: "Reminiscences of the Poetry Bookshop," by Alida Monro. 18th: "Music in Czechoslovakia Today" presented by Leonard Cassini.

IRISH Poets: Ewart Milne, Patrick Galvin, reading own poems. Introduction, narration, Stella Jackson. Discussion, Sat., May 12 (Connolly Day), 7.30 p.m., 14 Kensington Sq. (High St., Ken., behind Barker's).

"CONTEMPORARY Polish Writers and the German Problem." Chairman: A. Slonimski. Speaker: R. Ainsztein. Short story readings by Alec McCrindle and Joan Rodker. Polish Institute, 81 Portland Place, W.1. May 18, at 7.45 p.m.

D. N. PRITT, K.C., and E. V. Tempest, D.S.O., M.C. (Bradford). Important meeting on "War and Peace" and "Conditions in Rumania." Mr. Tempest now on visit. Conway Hall. Tues., May 22, 7.30. British Rumanian Friendship Assocn.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. "Israeli Music To-day." Illustrated talk by M. S. Eisemann, Wed., May 16, at 8 p.m. Non-members 1s.

BUDDHIST Vihara Society in England. Ethical Hall, Queensway, Bayswater (entrance 4a Inverness Place). Sunday, May 20, 3.30 p.m. Vesak celebration. Speaker: the Venerable U Thittila. H.E. the High Commissioner for Ceylon in the U.K. will preside.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak F'ship. League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Tues., May 15 at 7.45 p.m. Dr. John Lewis, Editor of "Modern Quarterly," will speak in the series "How I See Czechoslovakia." Chairman: Mr. George Leeson. Adm. free, all welcome.

"NEW Statesman" readers in Guildford district are invited to join Guildford Fabian Society. Attractive Summer Programme being arranged. Details: W. Elliot, 5 Churchill Rd., Guildford.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Chanandra at Kingsway Hall, every Thursday, 7.30 p.m. May 17: "Search after the Self." All welcome.

THEOSOPHY, Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welcome. May 13: Death and the Soul.

LUNCH Hour Talks on Yoga. Caxton Hall. Tuesdays, 1 p.m., May 15: How to Meditate. May 22: Conquest of Worry. May 29: Secret of Success.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

BRITISH League for European Freedom. Non-residential week-end school at White Eagle Club, 2 Albert Gate, Knightsbridge. May 18/20. Speakers include: J. H. MacCallum Scott, Esq., M. Lucian Blit and M. S. Grocholski. Brains Trust—Members: The Duchess of Atholl, Michael Padev, Dr. A. Smith. Question Master: Major Keith Kirk, Barrister-at-Law. Tickets and details from Lecture Secretary, 66 Elizabeth St., S.W.1.

THE Present Question Conference, 1951, will be held at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, from August 4-11. Theme: Freedom and Responsibility in the experience of the Historian, Politician, Educator, Architect, Philosopher, Humanist, Pure Science, Applied Science, The Manager and Worker, etc. Speakers: H. J. Blackham, Mrs. K. M. Bliss, Dr. J. Bronowski, A. E. Carthy, Sir John D. Cockcroft, R. H. S. Crossman, Sir Wilfrid Garrett, W. W. Hogarth, Emile de Groot, Dr. E. Lampert, Prof. H. D. Lewis, Dr. J. H. Oldham, Sir Robert Read, Clifton Robbins, Prof. F. E. Simon, Wells Coates, The Earl of Verulam, J. F. Wolfenden. Enquiries: The Secretariat, 37 Middleway, London, N.W.11.

PENDLEY Centre of Adult Education. Week-end and Mid-week courses on Drama, English Countryside, Photography, Current Affairs, Social History. For full particulars, apply to the Secretary, Pendley Manor, Tring 2302.

BLUNHAM House, Nature Cure Health Centre, holds monthly study week-ends. May 19-20. "Accent on Peace." Spkrs. B. J. Northroyd, J. Parke, B.Sc., and P. G. La Barre. Partics.: Sec., Blunham House, Beds. (Biunham 231.)

THE Bedford Physical Training College. Principal, Miss P. Spafford, O.B.E. Students are trained to become teachers of all branches of Physical Education. Course extends over 3 years. Apply Sec., 37 Lansdowne Rd., Bedford.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

BRAZIERS Park School of Integrative Social Research, Ipsden, Oxon, would like your views on possible advances in education. Discussion week-ends, lectures by Dorothy Gluster, M.A. June 1-3: Education for adventure. June 22-4. Education for peace.

RESIDENTIAL Music Course, Arts Department, Dartington Hall (Administrator: A. P. Cox). The full-time residential music course at Dartington Hall which has been built up over the last eight years by Imogen Holst, will be carried on from September, 1951, under the direction of John Clements. The training is intended primarily for teachers in schools and further education, but younger students are accepted for preliminary training before entering one of the major colleges of music. The course is approved by the Ministry of Education and recognised as a Supplementary Course for Teachers. Besides individual tuition in piano, violin, violoncello and recorder, the training provides special opportunities for choral singing and chamber music under professional direction. Students can get practical experience of school and further education work in the County of Devon. Students are accommodated at Dartington Hall. Facilities for individual practice are provided. Prospectus is obtainable from the Secretary of the Arts Department, Dartington Hall, Totnes, Devon.

NEWBATTLE Abbey College, Dalkeith, Midlothian. A Residential College for Adult Education. Warden: Edwin Muir, LL.D., Ph.D., D. ès L. Courses are offered in the following subjects: English Language and Literature, British and European History, Economic Theory and History, Trade Unionism, Philosophy, Political Theory, Psychology. Fees: £125 per session. £90 for two terms, £50 for one. Next session begins Oct. 8. For further details and information re. L.E.A. scholarships apply to the Warden.

LONDON University and other exams.: University Correspondence College, founded 1887, prepares students for Entrance (Matric.), Inter. and Degree Exams. in Arts, Science, Econs., etc., Dip. in Public Admin., Social Studies; for General Certificate of Education (Ordinary and Advanced Levels), Oxford, Cambridge and others, Professional Prelim. exams., Law, Civil Service, Local Govt., etc. U.C.C. is an Educational Trust not conducted primarily as a profit-making concern. Mod. fees; instalments. Pros. free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

CULTURAL Holidays in the Tyrol, June, July, August, September. Combine a delightful Tyrolean Holiday in the Oetz Tal with fascinating Study Courses in German Language and Literature; Austrian History, Art, Music, Folk-lore, etc., under faculty members of University of Innsbruck. Inclusive charge (14 days, 21gns.; 21 days, 25gns.) covers all travel, hotels, meals, guides, lectures. Write for leaflet "1951 Summer Courses." Austria Travel Agency, Ltd., 90 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1.

LEARN Languages without Translation. The Pelman Languages Institute teaches French, German, Spanish, Italian without the use of English: the method is explained in four little books, one for each language; write for book and specimen lessons, sent gratis, post free. (Reduced fees for serving and ex-Service members of H.M. Forces.) Pelman Languages Institute, 67 Norfolk Mansions, Wigmore St., London, W.1.

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POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (Lond., Oxf., Camb., Northn.); London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., B.D., Degrees; Law Exams., etc. Low fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

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MEDICAL Secretaryships, Institutional Housekeepers, Dietitian-Caterers, Hotel Receptionists, Managresses, Cert. Ed., Apprs., success. Postal courses. Brochures 3d., Sec., Southern Training College, Brighton, 6.

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A Centre for Foreign Languages. Day and Evening classes in French, German, Spanish, Italian for beginners of all grades. English For Foreign Visitors. Priv. Less. in all languages. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free. Language Tuition Centre, 10 Portman Street, Marble Arch, W.1. MAY. 4640, 3805.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

FREEHOLD for sale with full vacant possession June. Two adjoining non-basement 3-storey terrace houses with yards and garages. 3 minutes Holland Park Tube. Upper 2 floors artist's maisonnette. Excellent condition. Ground floor at present light industry, workshops 3,000 sq. ft., easily convertible. £5,000 for quick sale, or £2,750 each. Apply 43 Portland Rd., W.11.

More Classified Adverts. on Pages 545, 546, 547

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